

THE
HAPPY SLAVE,
A
NOVEL.

Translated from the *French*.

of Gabriel de Breumont

See Barbier
no. 7239.

By a Person of Quality.

The Third Edition.

L O N D O N,

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Advertisement.

THE Book I Publish scarce deserves an Advertisement. But that I give you, is not to speak the Criticks in my favour. I cannot believe any Person of Wit will exercise his Faculty on a Trifle, which perhaps I have spent less time to Compose, than be must to censure. But tis because some Persons having small kindness for an Author, have been pleased heretofore to comment on my Tables, to make series of my stories, and to stretch my fancy to conjectures which never came into my Head; It were easie for me to justify my self in this particular, if it were desired; but I conceive my manner of proceeding hath sufficiently done it, to Dedicate it to one of the Principal Lords of the Kingdom, a Book, such as they make my former, by their strange interpretations to be, and to put my Name to it, was it not the way to gain my self Enemies, and utterly ruin me? I have committed faults in my time, but never of this nature. Therefore I declare to the Publick, and especially to those who busie themselves in penetrating into other mens intentions, that under the literal sense of my Tales there is not hid any Allegorical meaning, that when I speak of the

Turks and of Africk, I have not any Ideas in Europe or any other Nation, and that they will make me think quite otherwise than I think, if they make me speak any otherwise than I speak, if the Intrigue or Adventures I write of, have some conformity to those of our times, I am not to answer for it: 'Tis the fault of Chance and not mine. There are many in Love, that though Love takes infinite ways, they can hardly avoid meeting sometimes: were Wits confined to entertain you only with things rare and extraordinary, they would be soon drawn dry, and all their stories quickly exhausted; the Reader is intreated to do me Justice herein, and not pay me with ingratitude for the Presents I make him of my Toys: This shall be followed by a second Part, where the History of Laura, who shall bear the principal part in it, shall be marked with Gallantry, and far exceed this of the Sultaneſſe.

*Laura
Augustus*

THE

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HAPPY SLAVE,
A Novel.

AFRICK, for some Ages, hath past for a part of the World, where the People were no less Cruel and Savage than the Lions and Tygers that fill the Desarts of that Countrey : But since the discovery of Love there, it hath appear'd, that as Love grows in all Countreys, so *Barbary* it self hath nothing of Barbarous but the Name. To verifie this, I shall entertain you with a piece of Gallantry acted there, which may justifie what I affirm.

Count *ALEXANDER*, a young *Roman* Lord, very considerable for Estate, (but more for Birth and Parts,) had scarce appear'd to act his part on the great Theatre of the World, but he found himself prest by his Relations to Marry : He was handsom, high spirited, and witty, as those of Old *Rome*, but addicted to Pleasure, as those of the New ; humourfome, and wholly given up to the pursuit of his Fancy and Inclinations. As for Marriage (upon the good Advice he had re-

ceived not to engage, but as late as he could,) he usually said, *What a pitiful Utenfil a Wife is?* witness the greatest part of those Gentlemen dignified with the illustrious Title of Husbands; especially now adays, when Men seem to have Wives onely for this, That others may make use of them.

These Consequences he drew, as well from Experience as Example; for being Young, Handsom, and Rich: he was sufficiently qualified not to fail of good Fortune, with a Sex (in our Age) very kind and susceptible, and had not wanted his diversifements of that Nature; and therefore he had small inclination by taking a Wife, to give others the Opportunity to pay him in his own Coin.

In the mean time the Interests of the Family (which often prove Poison to the greatest pleasures of Life (obliging the most excellent Persons to ordinary Actions: The Young *Roman*, to deliver himself from the importunity of Relations, chose rather to quit the Pleasures of *ROME*, by Travelling abroad, than to make himself subject to a Law so contrary to his Humour, and that beloved Liberty he preferred before all things. He communicated his design to his *Valet de Chambre*, who had served him long, and being active and ingenious, quickly took order to have all things in readiness that were necessary for their purpose.

The Spring was come, and the Weather seasonable for Travel, when on a fair day the Young Gentleman and his Servant privately left *Rome*, and imbarqued at *Civita Vecchia* in a *Felucca* hired for the purpose. His design was to visit the best Courts of *Europa*, beginning with that of *Spain*. But there are Persons over whom Fortune is so rigorously imperious, that she seems jealous

any thing they undertake, without consulting her first. 'Twas she who provided Count *Alexander* a Voyage into *Africk*, when he had designed to confine his Travels to *Europe*: Of the Towns he was to see, *Tunis* was marked out by Fortune for one; and though much out of his Road, yet where Fortune intermeddles, there always happens something extraordinary; her excesses and extravagancies being that which chiefly makes us take notice of her.

The fourth day after he had left *Civita Vecchia*, this Young Lord began to perceive, that though all the Elements are terrible at Sea, yet Men who are Enemies are more terrible than the Elements. Till then the Weather had been fair to extremity, not a puff of contrary Wind: He proceeded in his Voyage with what speed he could wish, and blessed himself at the happiness of the Weather.

The Coast of *Italy* is dangerous, especially in Summer, being then subject to In-roads by People of the South, whose livelihood is Robbery; and when the Weather is fair, their Trade is so great, that whosoever is not upon his Guard, is happy if he escape them; I mean the Corsairs of *Barbary*. Count *Alexander*, who never thought he had left *Rome*, to be led in Triumph to *Tunis*, saw himself at break of day saluted by a *Brigandine* of that Nation: The poor Seamen presently took Alarm, the sight of one Turban was sufficient to affright them: And the *Turks* had scarce discharged three or four Musquets at the Christians, but they leapt into the Sea to save themselves by swimming; the *Italian* Count and his Servant staid in the Vessel, not in hopes of being able to defend themselves against that number of Enemies, which the strength

of *Rollando*, and the Inchanted Armour of *Amadeo* could scarcely have done, (whereas now a Man is but a Man, and among other Secrets that of Inchanting Arms is lost.) But having no skill in swimming, he could not expect to escape as the Mariners: Yet he was not so out of love with his Life, but that he held it better to be a Slave than be drowned. But that those Barbarous Corsairs might see what a Person they dealt with, and that he might sell his Liberty as dear as possible; having commanded his Servant to throw his Baggage over-board, he gave him order what further to do. I will omit the Description of the Action, though reputed the most glorious ever done on the *Mediterranean*, being a Combat of Two against Thirty, whereof they laid six dead on the Deck, and many more wounded. 'Twas an Engagement of a Herd of Wolves against Two young Lions, who defended themselves with unparallel'd Valour and Courage. 'Tis true, the *Turks* (not to lose the Money they did expect from their Ransom) spared them at first, using Cudgels only against them; but at length the Blood and Death of their Comrades, and the shame and disdain they had of so long and obstinate defence made by two rash Christians against them, being so many, having filled them with rage, they had recourse to their Symitars: And with so much advantage, that having killed the *Valet*, the Young Count (after several Wounds received, his strength, not his Courage, having failed him in so tedious a Fight,) was forced to yield, being no longer able to lift up his Arm to make use of his Sword. The Cowardly Villains had scarce the Courage to board him, and durst not approach him, till they saw him fallen flat on his back.

back. They took him, and carried him on board their *Brigantine*, where they gave him all the help in their power for saving his Life, having no other mark of their Victory, but the taking one Valiant Person, who had cost them too dear to be proud of their Prize: They beheld him with Admiration, and could not comprehend how an Age so tender could be capable of so much Courage; and that in a Body appearing so delicate, there was strength enough lodged to perform the actions they had seen. And being Naturally Superstitious, they did really believe there was something supernatural in the Young Man's Person, or at least, that he was the Flower of Christendom; this conceit helped them to bear with more patience the shame of their Victory. And finding their Men thin, and having taken before some considerable Prizes, they resolved to return directly for *Tunis*.

The Weather was favourable, and in few days they arrived at *Gouletta*, where going ashore they put the poor Count on Horse-back, bound and pinion'd like a Robber, and brought him to the Town; some of these *Barbarians* having got the start of the rest, spread such a Report of his Valour and Courage, that they drew together not the ordinary People only, (who are curious of small matters) but the Principal Persons of *Tunis*, and the *Bassa* himself, who accompanied with many of his Friends, came walking towards the Ruines of *Carthage*, to see the arrival of this Famous Christian, whom they imagined a Man that carried Terror in his looks; But how were they surpriz'd to see a Youth pale and disfigured, yet keeping with his good mien the marks of Grandeur in his Countenance. He was pityed by all, and the

Bassa

Bassa being a gallant and generous Person, was presently seized with such Indignation against the Villains, who used in that manner one so little deserving it, that he commanded them forthwith on pain of his displeasure to unbind him upon the place; which they instantly did, not daring to disobey him, who next the *Dey* was of greatest Authority and Power in the Kingdom: He asked them the price of their Slave, and, having commanded him to be conducted to his Palace, paid the Corsairs five hundred Patacoons, being the Money they demanded.

Count *Alexander* having happily fallen into the hands of so good and generous a Patron, began to recover. He was Lodged in a handsom Apartment, where the *Bassa's* Chyrurgions searched his Wounds: And being more carefully lookt to than on board the *Brigandine*, he soon found himself better, though weak, and sore bruised by what he had suffer'd at Sea from the hands of those *Barbarians*, who having no pity for any, had not been too careful of him; yet there was no danger of his Life, the Fever he had was not great, and they had hopes to see him well in few days. The *Bassa* visited him Morning and Evening, and by degrees his care and kindness grew to that height, that he came more frequently to see him, and not only took more particular notice of him, but increased daily the esteem and friendship he had for him.

Before I proceed, it may not be amiss to satisfy the Curiosity of the Reader, in giving him an account of the Person; the Birth and Character of the *Bassa*. *Mahomet Bassa* by the Father of *Sirly Marat*, and *Mahomet Lapsy* the new Beys, was the Son of a Renegado of *Corsica*, of the Family of *Petrosant*.

Infanty, who by the handsomness of his Person, and the excellency of his Wit, having gained the good Opinion of the *Dey* or King of the Country, made so good use of the favour of his Prince, that he advanced him to the highest Office of the Kingdom, whereof he left his Son *Mahomet* his Heir. But, to shorten the Story, *Mahomet* the younger being deeply embroyled with the *Dey* and the *Divan*, (who, jealous of the Authority his Father had gain'd, would have divided the Offices of *Bass* and *Bey*) went to the Port, and returned Victorious : *Tunis* never flourished as under him, being as fit for Arms as Gallantry, of a great Spirit, and excellent Wit, the most Brave, the most Generous and Magnificent of Men : He loved the Christians, and did them Justice ; and entertained a Commerce of Civility with many Princes of *Europe*. He sent and receiv'd Presents every Year to and from the Great Duke of *Tuscany* ; in a word, no Lord of that Country ever carried himself better, and had more Merit and Reputation than he : Some resemblance of this Splendor may yet be seen in the Person of *Mahomet Lapsy* his Son ; he had inclinations worthy a great Lord, as he was, and the Soul of a Man truly Generous, and of Eminent Virtue.

The *Bass* was charm'd with admiration at the Wit of the Count, extremely pleased with his Conversation, and sometimes past three or four hours in familiar Discourse, sitting on his Bed. He was chiefly surprized to find his Apprehension so clear, and Knowledge so general, that what Subject soever he chose to Discourse of he spoke of to admiration. This made the *Bass* speak of him to his Friends with so tender Affection, and so much to his

his Praise, that he gain'd him the Esteem and Amity of all the principal Lords of the Kingdom, who came to see him, and made him Presents according to the Custom of the Country.

The *Bassa*, by many Illustrious marks and clear discoveries, was induced to believe the Count a Person of no ordinary Quality, but did not think fit to question him on that point; and had no further knowledge of him, than that he was an *Italian*. Nor durst the Count acquaint him with his Condition, fearing, the knowing of it might make his Enlargement the more difficult: But after so many favours from the *Bassa*, he could not in gratitude conceal himself from a Person who had obliged him so highly, and to whom he did owe more than his Life. Therefore being askt by the *Bassa*, whether his Parents were living, and why he writ not to them: Sir, (said he) I should be the basest of Men should I ever forget the Obligations you have put upon me, nor could I be guilty of a greater dishonesty, than to be prevail'd upon by fear, or any other consideration, not to pay you what I owe you. I confess, (and I hope you will pardon me,) that I scrupled to make a full discovery of my self to you, for fear my Captivity might be the harder, my Bondage more severe, and my Liberty valued at a higher rate: But having found you so generous, I cannot, after the Favours you have heaped upon me, the Rights you have over your Slaves, by forbearing to tell you, I am a Person of Quality, of one of the best Families of Rome; that my Name is Count Alexander, and that if ever you restore me to my Liberty, I must pay you my Ransom with most grateful Acknowledgments of your Kindness and Favours.

The *Bassa* smil'd, and with much tenderness answer'd, *Alexander*, you shall not fare the worse for your discovery to me; I am no Merchant of Slaves, nor did I buy you to sell you again: You are free, and shall live with me in this Country as if you were in your own, with one of your Friends: And if I detain you here a little longer than perhaps you would wish, it is because I can hardly part with one for whom I have so high an esteem, and so cordial affection. To these he added other expressions of Kindness, which were joyfully received by the Count, and dispelled all his Grief for the loss of his Liberty.

As soon as he had recovered his Strength, the *Bassa* made him partake of his Pleasures and Divertisements, in Hunting, Walking, Horse-race; in all which the Count appeared Eminent above others, and became more Famous than ever any Christian was in those Parts; every considerable Person was ambitious to visit him, and took pleasure to see, and to treat him, which is a special favour to those of their Country, much more to one who profess'd a Religion, to which they are open irreconcilable Enemies. Hence you may observe the Power of Merit, and how irresistible are influences of a fortunate Destiny. The esteem the *Bassa* express'd publicly for him, contributed much to all these advantages; but you are to consider his Person, and the sweetness of his Temper, and candor of his Actions as the effectual means for gaining him Amity, and that which won him the Love of the most Excellent Persons.

But notwithstanding his Illustrious Acquaintance, and agreeable Divertisements, the Honours and Favours he daily received, he could not forbear wishing

wishing with sighs for a return into *Europe*. He lived as one free, but was really a Slave to the Affection of the *Bassa*, from which he thought his deliverance more difficult, than from Fetters and Chains. His Wit and Inclinations were not for the Men of that Countrey; he loathed, and was weary of them: The *Turks* have a good sense, and will reason well enough of the Affairs of the World, and are great and subtile Politicians; but for Wit and good Breeding, they know not what it is; their Conversation is barren, and consists more in the smoak of Tobacco than Excellent Discourse: Their Knowledge is small, having ordinarily no advantage of Reading or Travel. The *Bassa* alone had more Wit, and more Reason than the rest altogether; but his Employment in the State engaging him in a thousand indispensable Affairs, would not allow him to be always with *Alexander*, who in the mean time past his Melancholy hours in the Garden of the *Seraglio*, where he had the priviledge to walk, being a retired and very pleasant place, and that wherein he took great delight. But alas, how different were these days from those at *Rome*! the *Italians* are naturally apt to be Melancholy, and this Solitude made the Count so: The *Bassa*, who loved him sincerely, and passionately, wished to have him always in good humour, was troubled to find him sad and dejected; but having often enquired the cause, could not obtain farther satisfaction, than that it was an effect of his Temper: He had furnished him to excess with all that Countrey could afford for the Pleasures of Life, and could not imagine the cause of the grief, but fancied at last, that to compleat his Divertisements, *Alexander* might want

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want the conversation of a Woman. The *Bassa* being a Person much given to Gallantry, was the more easily inclined to believe he had found the true cause of his Melancholy. And looked upon it as no incurable Disease, but presently resolved to find out a Remedy, by furnishing him with a Mistress, which was a high strain of complaisance in a Person of his Character; but there were no limits to the Love he had for his *Alexander*.

The Law of *Mahomet* is very severe in this Point, against Persons of another Religion, though very indulgent to those of his own. Those who fall into the Hands of the *Turks*, and will make love to their Women, are under the necessity of changing their Religion, or Burning: these Extremities are hard, yet of the many Christians reduced to those straits, I know not one who hath thought Martyrdom so charming, as not to prefer Circumcision before Burning: the *Bassa*, though no zealous observer of the Law, was willing however to avoid the Scandal that might follow, if the Intrigue were discovered, and therefore design'd to marry him to a Christian. There was with the *Sultaneſs* his Wife, an *Italian Slave*, a young Maid of good quality, lovely and witty: it was not long since the *Bassa* had been in love with her, but without any success: whether it proceeded from the respect she bore to the *Sultaneſs* her Mistress, who loved her intirely, or from scruple of Conscience in point of Religion, with which she excused her self, certain it is, his addresses were vain; and after three Months eager pursuit of his design, being not accusom'd to so much resistance, he quitted her, and cast his eyes on other less difficult conquests: he hoped that one Christian with
another

another might have better success, and that *Alexander* being very lovely, and young, needed only to shew himself for gaining the love of a Maid of his Country, professing the same Religion with him : he endeavour'd to dispose her for the purpose, by raising in her an esteem for the Gallant he provided her : he had often spoken of him in the Chamber of the *Sultaneſs*, where *Laura*, the Slave we are discoursing of, did constantly attend.

And having formed the design, he seldom entertained them with any thing else, but *Alexander did this*, or *Alexander said that* ; of which he gave them so pleasant Descriptions, that he could not fail of making some impressions of love for him in a Woman, though never so little susceptible.

The Count knew nothing of all these good Offices ; the *Bassa* smiling sometimes at his sadness, would tell him, he should shortly see him in a different humor. One having disposed all things on *Laura's* side, (who had told him, she would not be displeas'd to see this Christian) he took him into the Garden of the *Seraglio* to walk, and after a turn or two, asked him if he had ever been in love. The question did very much surprize him, apprehending, that being among a People naturally suspicious, the *Bassa* might perhaps have had some Jealousie of him, though he could not imagine the cause. But to disabuse him, he held it necessary to affect great indifference in the business of Women, and (the truth is) to that day he had not been in love. And though it were ill courtship to the *Bassa*, who was an admirer of Women, to tell him he had never been in Love ; yet he chose rather to commit a solæcism in courtship, than

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an to give him the least cause of suspicion. The
Bassa advised him to have a care of himself, lest
Love should one day be revenged of him, and told
him, he despaired not of seeing him a Lover in
Barbary: You are, said he, *handsom and witty,*
and there are here, as in Europe, *dangerous Ladies,*
who perhaps may have designs on your liberty; and
you are not yet got out of Tunis: This Discourse
unexpected, and spoken with such an Air, so troub-
led the Count, he knew not what answer to make.
The Bassa much pleased at the disorder he had put
him to; *What,* said he, *doth Love appear so ter-*
rible to you, that you dare not encounter it? can a
Man of your bravery be afraid of a Passion? Re-
collect your self, and think it not so dreadful here
as in Italy; you arm your Cupid with weapons of
War, we dress ours with Flowers; nothing is less
cruel than Love among the Turks: our Women
are kind, and good natured, and never are the cause
of any mans death by coyness and disdain; the sole
difficulty is in getting a sight of them; gain but
that point, and nothing can be more easie than the
rest: your Ladies are scrupulous and shy of shewing
favour to theirs Lovers, and ours make a conscience
of seeing theirs Languish: it is not so odious to be
kind and coming with you, as 'tis to be cruel and in-
ferrible here. We follow in the first place the Law
of nature, preferring it to Mohomets, as being Men
before we are Musulmans. We hold our selves ob-
liged to pay kind regard and affectionate tenderneß
to Female Beauty, and expect from it a return of
complacency. And those who approve not these Maxims,
we esteem unworthy to taste the pleasures of Love.
Know that in Europe you use this Passion an extra-
ordinary way, making that Martyrdom which

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should be a delight; but I would fain know, what the design of that Woman can be, who sees a man every day on his knees at her feet, sighing for that which she also desires, and it may be, more passionately. Why then must he be tormented? Why so many sighs, why so many tears expected from him, when the passion of both Sexes is equal, if that of the Female may not pass for the greater?

The Count having in this time recollected himself, answered; I believe, Sir, that in Love as in other matters every one may have his particular fancy, and different Maxims for conduct; but if I, who was never in Love, may be allow'd to deliver my opinion of it, I conceive that Men born under a Law, are insensibly disposed to bear it with ease. And I dare confidently affirm, there is more sweetness, and charming delight in the torments we endure in our way of Loving, than in those easie pleasures that cost you nothing: think not, Sir, those torments so cruel as our Lovers represent them; they aggravate them only to affect their Mistresses the more, and to make them more sensible. It would certainly surprize you to hear them cry, Increase, O love, Increase so sweet a pain: their sufferings are pleasures. The Bassa was so charmed with hearing him speak, that he would not interrupt him, so that he proceeded, What satisfaction can you find in a Love that is fulsome and dull, without any pique to make it poynant, and season it for relish? What divertisement to be expected from an innocent Cupid, a Child without wit, without worgery, that permits you to do in all things as you please? The Bassa could not forbear laughing, and told him, that to make him believe that Love the most charming, that made him suffer most, he must make it appear by trial in himself by being a Love,

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Love, enduring with pleasure all the torments he spoke of: Sir, said *Alexander*, I was never in love in my Country, where you know we have freedom of living, and Liberty of converse with the Female Sex; it is not probable then I shall fall in love here, where we are not allow'd so much as a sight of them: means may be found, replied the *Bassa*, to satisfy you in that particular, if you desire it. I do not conceive it for my advantage, said the Count, to thrust my self into the fire to try the experiment, or to change my Religion. No, no, said the *Bassa*, it is with a Christian I would have you acquainted, and one in my judgment very beautiful, and not unworthy your sighs: had I been of your mind, and like the Lovers of your Country, taken pleasure in being vext and tormented, my business might have been done. She made me pine for her above three Months, till weary of a Mistress that had so little use of my pain, I betook my self to others that were more of my humour; her beauty and wit will certainly charm you, and you may find her as haughty, as fierce, as cruel as you can wish: it may be difficult to have a sight of her, as being with the Sultaneſs, who, since she knew the inclinations I had for her, would never permit her to step out of her Apartment: but I'll bring you thither disguised as an Eunuch; there is no other way of entrance for you into the Seraglio: and you are so young, that by Night you may pass for an Eunuch without any suspicion. The Count gave him a thousand thanks for the favour, not but that he could have been very well content to have been without it, having no great desire to engage himself in Acquaintance in a Country where he would tarry as short time as he could; yet in complaisance

to the *Bassa*, and of Curiosity to see a Slave the *Bassa* represented so beautiful, he accepted this offer with some kind of joy.

The fourth Prayer being over, he came to his Patron, being the time he usually went to the *Seraglio*: And having taken the Habit of an Eunuch provided for him there, he waited on the *Bassa* to the Apartment of the *Sultaneß*: *Laura*, who had notice of their coming, waited their entrance; the *Bassa* came smiling up to her, and whispered her in the Ear, that he had brought her an Eunuch, who could tell her News out of *Italy*; pray'd her to have a care of him, and to use him as a Person he lov'd entirely. *Laura* fell a laughing, and answered, she doubted not but the Eunuch should give him a good account of his Reception. The Count, though Disguised, was so easie to be known, that had the *Bassa* said nothing, his good Mien had discovered him: No Eunuch, no *Turk* had so good an air. She gave him her hand to lead her into a Chamber, where they should not be exposed to their view who pass by. Sir, said she, I know not what thanks to give the *Bassa* for the favour he hath done me, to afford me a sight of you, no man being allowed entrance here but himself, and the Eunuch whose Habit he hath caused you to take. I cannot impute it to any thing but the extraordinary affection he hath and daily declares for you. True, Madam, answered the Count, the kindness of the *Bassa* to me is extream; but if either of you have reason to be concerned how to thank him, (as he very well deserves) 'tis certainly I, for the favour he hath procured me; yet I could wish I were not wholly beholding to him for it, but that (as you would have me believe) you had a hand in it.

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My dear Laura, I shall tell you no lye, I have made it
generally known to you, I desired this favour from
him. He told us things so glorious of you, and rela-
ted them so much to your advantage, you may easily
believe, I (who, for three years I have been here,
have not had the Liberty of converse with any
Man) could not but desire acquaintance of a Person
generally esteemed. Madam, said he, this Coun-
try hath been favourable in allowing me a Reputa-
tion, which perhaps I may find difficult to maintain
in your Opinion. You need not fear that, reply'd
Laura, your Mien confirms sufficiently the reports
that have past of you. But to change the Discourse,
as you know, said she smiling, that sometimes is
dangerous in a Nation like this, to make your self
so much the subject of Discourse; if not on the Mens
account, yet certainly on the Womens, who fall in
Love meerly on report, without a sight or know-
ledge of the Party: The Count answer'd smiling,
Madam, there is no danger of your being of the
number of those kind-hearted Ladies, I am not so
fortunate. And why, said she, might not I be one,
who have so long'd for a sight of you: but to lose
more time, I must tell you, your Fortune is better
than you think; and I do that for another, which
perhaps I would not have done for my self. The de-
sire of seeing a Man is here reputed a mighty ad-
vancement of Love, where to see and to agree are
all one. But I have undertaken this affair, and
made the Bassa believe I have very favourable
thoughts of you. And to satisfy your Curiosity of
knowing the Party for whom I have so much com-
plaisance in store, it is for the Bassa's Lady, Ma-
dam Alhie the Sultanel: The confidence she is pleas-
ed to repose in me is so great, that she hath entrusted

ed me with this Secret, and my kindness for her should not admit one moments scruple doing her this Service. I cannot doubt but you have heard of her Beauty; never was any so famous in this Kingdom, nor perhaps in the World, more worthy admiration. And as for her temper, 'tis the sweetest and most lovely that can be imagined. The first view you have of her, will persuade you she hath an Inclination to Love, so tender, so languishing is the air of her Countenance. And though this be natural to the Women of this Country, and that the first thing they are taught, is to sigh, and appear languishing, yet I have not observed those weaknesses in her but on your account. To deduce things from the Original, I must inform you, that when the Bassa returned from Constantinople, having dispatched the Affair depending there between him, and the King, and Divan of this place, and being confirmed by the Grand Signior in the Offices his Father had left him, which they had disputed; the King, in order to Reconciliation, was advised to give the Bassa his Daughter in Marriage. Alhie was then Sixteen Years old, and her beauty at the height; though at this day in my judgment, no man that sees her, but must be in Love with her. These Marriages of Policy and State-interest, to which the Daughters of great ones are subject to be Sacrificed, seldom prove Happy. The Bassa Espoused Alhie, and perhaps loved her a Week, but after that returned to his former Engagements, and for ordinary Beauties quit the greatest of the Kingdom. 'Tis true, it often happens thus in this Country, where Men abhor loving by Duty and Obligation, and commonly love Mistresses better than Wives. But this Lady, in my Opinion, ought to have been excepted, as wanting

nothing

The Happy Slave.

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nothing requisite to satisfy the Passion of any reasonable Man; but she is as unfortunate as others. The Bassa, though otherwise a Person of much Gallantry, visits her scarce once in a Month; yet he pays her all the respect in the World, and she hath no cause of complaint but of his Love; but take Love from Marriage, what signifies the rest? What a trouble is it to a Young Lady, who knows her own merit, to see her self slighted in that whereof she is most sensible? A Lady who would think her self happy in being belov'd, and thinks she deserves it: You must be a Woman before you can comprehend the rigor of this usage, and the greatness of her misfortune. But to come to what concerns you; the Sultaneſs hath ever had a great inclination for Christians; and the greatest Pleasure she takes, is, in stories she makes me tell of my Country, which surprise her so (especially when I speak of the Freedom Men have there with Women) that she hath a thousand times wished her Fortune had been as mine, and that she had fallen into the hands of a Christian, who would have carried her into that Country. 'Tis certain, a Woman had better be a Slave with us, than free among the Turks, where their Life is nothing but a perpetual Slavery. The Adventures of Love and Gallantry have pleased her so well in the relation, that she longs for a sight of one of those I called Persons of Quality and Merit, who were so Gallant and Handsom, as I represented. You were no sooner arrived, but she came with great joy to tell me, the Bassa had newly bought a Christian of whom they spoke Wonders. I fell a laughing, and asked if it were not such a one she had often wish'd for her Slave. She blush'd, and turning about with a sigh, answer'd, who knows what may happen,

and whether Fortune hath not designed him for me. She made me her Bedfellow that Night, to entertain her on that subject. On the morrow the Bassa having confirmed the reports of you, and commended your Person, she and I for several days had no discourse but of you. The kindness she hath for me, makes me somewhat familiar with her; nor do we very strictly observe here our distance towards great ones; this made me sometimes take the Liberty to quarrel with her for the longing she exprest for a Man she had not seen. I confess, said she, this were falling in Love a little too soon, if we managed our Love as the Christians do theirs. But the Bassa having made such a description of this Man, there is not a Woman in the Kingdom who would not have had a greater Passion for him than I have exprest. And you may believe he would not have spoken so much in his praise before the meanest of his Empresses; but though he slight me so, that he cares not what I think, my Affections are free. You would esteem your self happy, Madam, said I, to have such a Christian in Love with you. More happy, reply'd she, than you can imagine. And I will assure you, I could willingly change the state I am in, for the condition of a private Christian Lady: What good does it me, to abound thus with Riches, to receive so much Honour, to be the Daughter of a King, and the Wife of a Bassa, if I cannot be content, nor do as I would, nor love where love is due? In a word, I am nothing less than I am taken to be, but a Slave more unhappy than those under Chains. Poor Laura (said she, embracing me tenderly) how I pity thee, who hast tasted the Pleasures and Liberty of thy Country, and hast unhappily

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fallen into their hands who use so unworthily all sorts of Women.

With such discourses as these did we entertain our selves ever since they spoke of you at Tunis. The Bassa came oftner to visit the Sultaneſs, though we knew not the reason; and almost every day brought us the News of you: And, as he loves you entirely, took pleasure in relating every thing you did. Perhaps, had he known the favourable inclinations the Sultaneſs had for you, he had been more sparing in his expressions of you, for I cannot believe he designed to prejudice himself in speaking obligingly of you. But it was an oversight, and most unpardonable in him who so well knew the temper of Women of this Country: Judge you whether so good a report from so good a hand could want its effect. The Sultaneſs was affected with them so much to the purpose, that what at first was a bare inclination, grew up by degrees to a settled Passion. Her humour was suddenly chang'd from Merry and Jocular, into Sadness and Melancholy; and I, who alone knew her Distemper, could not but pity her sighs and complaints, and was extreamly afraid she might fall into a Disease, which they call Fantasie, and is a kind of Melancholy that proves Mortal to many Men and Women of this Country. I did my endeavour to cure her of this Passion, by representing to her all the obstacles in her way to the happiness she desired. But my Remedies came too late, I did but trouble her to no purpose, having said to her self all that I could possibly say to divert her from the affection she had taken: So that despairing of Remedy on that side, I apply'd my thoughts another way, and flatter'd her hopes of bringing that to pass, which I could not discover the least possibility to effect. But to prevent
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the growth and increase of her Distemper, it was necessary to deceive her by flatteries and hopes. At last, I know not how it fell out, that the Bassa having spoken of you to me two days ago, as he frequently does when he finds me alone, I told him, I should be very glad to see you, if it might be done without noise and scandal: I was extremely astonish'd how easily he promised it: And you may believe I had not waited here for you, but that I very well knew him a Man of his word.

The Count having hearken'd to all this discourse with marvellous attention, and thanked *Laura* for all her good Offices, and answer'd all her obliging expressions in behalf of the *Sultaneſs*, discovered to her the *Bassa's* design, and the reason of his being brought thither; *Laura* was ravish'd to hear his discourse, and though she foresaw her concern in the Affair was like to be small, yet she was pleas'd with the News she received, being willing to sacrifice all Interests of her own, to the satisfaction of her Lady. But, Sir, to tell you all, said she to the Count, having paid my thanks to the Bassa for the favour I was in hopes of from him, I went presently to bring the News to the *Sultaneſs*, who could not sufficiently embrace me, being so extremely transported, that nothing in the World could have made her more joyful; she hath scarcely been able to sleep ever since: She and I have laid a hundred designs, and framed to our selves a thousand devices how she may have a sight of you: but if the Bassa will not permit you to come alone hither, I do not see how it may be effected: The *Sultaneſs* in the mean time will be ravish'd with joy that I have seen you, and that you know some part of her mind.

The happy *Roman* being charmed at the kindness a Lady of that beauty and quality had for him, was very urgent with *Laura* to oblige him on this occasion, and press'd her to say to the *Sultaneſs* from him, all that a heart extremely sensible of the favour she did him, was capable to express. That he would have esteem'd himself the happiest of men, had it been in his power to have merited this honor, and that it should be the business of his Life, to deserve it by his Actions. *Sir*, reply'd *Laura*, all she desires of you, is that you will so manage the Liberty the *Bassa* doth afford you, that she may once have a sight of you: I find my self engaged to it by so many reasons, said the Count, that you may be assured I will not forget any thing that may gain this honour: I must intreat you to assure the *Sultaneſs* accordingly, and that I have at least as much passion as she. He had no sooner said this, but the *Bassa* came to them, which made them change their discourse, and the *Bassa* having condescended to make himself one of the company, and very pleasantly rallied; then said, he perceived by their Countenances they were obliged to him for the Acquaintance he had procured between them, and that they were very well pleased the one with the other: The Count and *Laura* having returned the Complement, the *Bassa* took his leave, and he and the Count went out of the *Seraglio*.

The *Bassa* had observed such joy in *Alexander's* Countenance when he was with *Laura*, it made him believe he was very well pleased with the visit he had given her. But he had the curiosity to ask him how he liked her; and whether she appeared so beautiful as he had represented her: The Count answer'd, it was certainly impossible to see a Lady more

more handsom, or more witty : And that he was charmed at her Beauty and Conversation. The *Bassa*, who desired nothing more than to see him in Love was extreamly glad at the confession he made; and told him it should be his fault, if he saw her not again, and, if he desired, he might do it on the morrow, that he would give him a Key to enter the *Seraglio*, and that he might go alone; lest if he brought him in, the *Sultaneſs* might be jealous; it being not his custom to visit her so often, the Count failed not to acquaint him how highly that favour would oblige him; so that the *Bassa* bid him go to bed, and take his rest, and told him he should see *Laura* on the morrow about the time he had seen her that day.

Never was a night so restless to any man, as this to the Count, her inclination, like that he had to marriage, with the principal and most beautiful Lady of the Kingdom, was a thing so rare, and so tempting for a man of his temper; what *Laura* had said of those obliging thoughts that charming Person had for him, did so ravish him with Pleasure, that in the depth of misfortune he could not imagine any man more fortunate than himself: But when he considered, that she was the Wife of the *Bassa*, a Person to whom he was so strictly obliged, he was troubled extreamly, and sigh'd for sorrow; these second thoughts prevailing at that time over the other, he highly reproached himself for entertaining a thought of so base an ingratitude. But it is a ticklish business to repent of a thing that extreamly delights us, and men seldom charge themselves home for a fault so pleasing and lovely, as the pleasure of being beloved: Those reproaches of the Count against himself, were not altogether the most

most violent that might be, and sometimes he would be angry with himself for making so much ado. At last, being assaulted by turns, on the one side by Reason, on the other by Passion, by the Glory of that, and the tenderness of this, he got up in the Morning, without having been able to take any other resolution than to yield himself up to be guided by his Destiny, to be governed by Fate, and be meerly passive in the management of the business; that is to say, to love, in this particular, like a *Turk*, and to see the *Sultaneſs*, if it were so predestinated: But to do nothing in order to it, though he had promised *Laura* to contribute on his part all that lay in his power, and had told the *Bassa*, he should be extreamly glad to go again to the *Seraglio*. His resolution sometimes was very tottering and weak, and to speak truth, 'tis almost vain to take one against love: He wisht a thousand times that day, that his Fate to whose conduct he had given himself up, would incline to bring him to the *Sultaneſs*. He waited the Hour with a great deal of impatience, however he would fain have perswaded himself to the contrary: But a young heart cannot be insensible, being so apt to take fire, that it scarce requires any help to inflame it.

As soon as the *Bassa* saw the Count in the Evening, he shew'd him (smiling) the Key of the *Seraglio*: And he received it with the greatest joy in the World. *But I give it*, said the *Bassa*, *on condition that you make me your Confident. And I think I have done enough to engage you to do me that pleasure.* The hour was come for his going to the *Sultaneſs*, and the Count having put on his Eunuchs Habit, his Patron every day more obliging than

than other, would needs bear him company as far as the *Seraglio*; *Laura* having notice of his coming, had waited for him above an hour at the Gate, and no sooner saw him arrived, but ravished with joy, she gave him her hand, and told him, *You are either the most dexterous, or else the most fortunate Person in the World: you bring about things so difficult, and in so short a time, that all things seem to joyn in your favour: I am obliged for it to my fortune,* answered the Count; for, as for *Addresses* I had no occasion to use any, but if you would make me believe *myself* as happy as you say, help me to a sight of the *Sultaneſs*. *Laura* told him, he should presently hear of her, and brought him into a Chamber, where her Lady was used to receive visits. It was her custom to seat her self in a kind of *Alcove*, the passage to which was through her Chamber, made up with great *Ballistres* guilt, and covered with a Curtain of very thin Silk, through which she could see those whom she honoured only with a sight of her; which is a piece of State used in that Country.

Laura told the Count, that the *Sultaneſs* would see him from behind that Curtain. And shall not I then, said he, have the honour to see her. I know not, said *Laura*, but 'tis a favour so great, that 'tis never granted but when they are willing to grant all that may be expected: Ah Madam, said the Count, I beseech you to desire that favour for me; tell her it will be of small consequence to give a stranger a sight of her, and that I shall die with grief if she deny me that honour. *Laura* promised him all the assistance in her power, and leaving him for a moment, went to advertise the *Sultaneſs*, who questionless longed for news of the arrival

arrival of her dearly beloved Christian. In the mean time the Count considered the Riches and Ornaments of the Chamber, being the most magnificent of the Apartment, it was set out with four Crystal Glasses which had a pleasant effect on the Gold and the Jewels which glitter'd all about: Scarce had the *Sultaneſs* ſeen *Laura*, but ſhe knew by her countenance the happy news ſhe brought; and without allowing her time to ſay any thing, ſhe paſt to the *Alcove*, from whence ſhe deſign'd to take a view of the Christian, before he ſhould know that ſhe was there. But ſhe made too great a noiſe at her entrance, and the *Cavalier* let her know, he had perceiv'd her, by ſaluting her as he did, after the *Turkiſh* mode: *Laura* arriv'd the ſame time from the other ſide, and going to the *Balliſtre*, went to whiſper the *Sultaneſs*, who was not able ſufficiently to expreſs the pleaſure ſhe took in ſeeing this Christian, and the Charms that appear'd in his Perſon. As for him, he was ſtrange-ly perplex'd at a viſit of this nature, where he could neither ſee, nor ſpeak to the Party he viſited. He went, he came, he turn'd about as deſired, and at the end of the Shew, went ſilently to the *Balliſtre*, and addreſſing himſelf to the *Sultaneſs*, having ſeen a ſhadow of her through the Curtain, he told her a thouſand pretty Stories, a thouſand Gallantries to oblige her to afford him a view, for ſhe underſtood *Italian*, and ſpoke it pretty well, having learnt it of *Laura*. She was very well pleas'd to hear the Count ſpeak, and heartily laugh'd at it, but answer'd not a word, nor had the Curtain drawn. The Count was impatient, and accounting every moment loſt he ſpent in that manner, ſeem'd to fret and be angry, and in a frank
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and free way told her, he should die of the Phantasia, as the People of that Country, if she denied him this favour, and that at last he would with his own hand draw that troublesome Curtain: and he had certainly done it, if *Laura*, who fear'd the *Sultaneſs* might take it ill, had not hindred him. But *Laura* was mistaken, and her Lady gave her not thanks for her pains.

'Tis a Maxim among the Women of that Country, not to sin of themselves against the Rules of their duty; but press them a little, and offer them the least violence, they will presently yield without any resistance: their excuse is, that nature is weak, that men know it well enough, and are very much to blame to press them so home: that if there be harm done, it must be laid to their score, who cause them to do it, and not to them who are ignorant of it, and innocent in the business. *Laura* not well vers'd in the use of this Maxim, committed a fault, when she thought she had been discharging her duty. The amorous *Sultaneſs* would have been ravish'd with joy to have been seen by the Christian, and the officious Slave spoil'd all by a piece of useleſs discretion. But her Lady was willing to receive the miscarriage, and satisfy in some measure the extream desire her dear Christian had to see her; she gave him leave to ask what he pleas'd, to make him amends for the rigour of the custom of that Country, which made it undecent for her Sex to shew themselves to any but their Husband. The Count presently desired she would at least do him the honour of shewing him one of her fair hands: The *Sultaneſs* no sooner heard him, but lifting up the Curtain a little, she gave him her hand over the *Ballistre*. The young Count was so charmed with this favour, that

that transported with joy, he laid his knee to the ground, and kissed her hand with such passion; that the *Sultaneſs*, equally transported, wrung his hand, preſſing it ſo hard, to let him know ſhe approved of what he did. She was not over careful to keep her ſelf unſeen; and having put forth her arm, ſhe could not chooſe, but ſometimes appear to him in part by one chance or other (to which perhaps ſhe contributed a little.) Her Gallant could have wiſh'd he had had a full ſight of her, but thinking he had enough for the firſt time, he would not adventure to deſire any more. The pleaſure the *Sultaneſs* took in the ſight of him, was ſo great, and ſo charming, that ſhe could have willingly paſt that night with him. But knowing that many eyes were upon her, and that ſhe lived where men are extreamly given to jealouſie, and eſpecially of their Wives, ſhe had apprehenſions of being Lampoon'd in her own Apartment for ſtaying ſo long in the *Alcove*, at a time ſo unreaſonable for receiving a viſit. And *Laura* had told her, 'twas time to withdraw. But how cruel a thing 'tis to be forced to part from that which we love? it cannot be done without pain and regret. Still ſhe found ſome little pretence or other to ſtay him a little longer; at laſt ſhe preſented him with a Gold Chain beſet with Jewels, and told him obligingly it was not fit a Slave like him ſhould wear any other. The happy *Count* better ſatisfy'd with this Chain, than if ſhe had given him the Crown of *Tunis*, answered her Gallantry, and the favour ſhe did him, with the moſt paſſionate and the moſt grateful expreſſions imaginable. And ſeeing the neceſſity of parting, he took his leave of the *Sultaneſs*.

ness, and withdrew with *Laura*, who accompanied him to the Gate of the Apartment.

Presents among the *Turks*, are the first Evidences of affections, and often pass for declarations of love. *Laura*, who knew it well enough, made the *Count* sensible, before parting, what that meant which he had received from the *Sultaneſs*; and that he was not to doubt, having heard and seen so much of her, but she passionately lov'd him. Yet he was to take heed, and believe he had need of abundance of discretion, to deal with the Women of that Country, whose passion of love is sometimes so violent, that they observe no bounds; that the *Sultaneſs* was indeed the most rational she had known amongst them, and had the most wit, yet tender and passionate as the rest. That she and he would be immutably ruined, if the *Bassa*, who had no small experience in Amours, should once have the least suspicion of the Intrigue. That there was not in the Kingdom a man more tender of his honour than he; and that all the kindness he had for him, would not save him from his indignation, if he once came to know he had seen his Wife.

As much taken as our young *Roman* was with the pleasant beginnings of his Amours, and for all his rejoycings at those evident kindnesſes he had received from the greatest Beauty under Heaven, yet he could not forbear reflecting on *Laura's* good counsels, but went musing along the *Seragilo*, what course he should take, what means he should use against so dangerous a Passion, which would certainly bring him to ruin and confusion. When the *Bassa*, going to one of his Mistresses, met him by the way, and seeing him pass by, without so much

saluting him, he presently fell a laughing, and taking him by the arm, *Now*, said he, *I see that you are in love.* The Count being confounded at his surprizing him in that case, made excuses for his fault. The *Bassa* made answer, that if he desir'd to be pardon'd, he must freely confess the truth, and acknowledge himself extreamly disordered at the Merits and Beauty of *Laura*: *More Sir* (said the Count, with a very deep sigh) *than you can possibly express or imagine.* But it being late, and the *Bassa* not willing to stay, he deferred the more particular inquiry to another opportunity, and dismiss'd him to his Lodging. This was a great happiness, and no less pleasure to the young Lover, who was not then in a condition to give the *Bassa* an account of his Amours. Part of that night he pass'd walking in his Chamber, as if he had intended to come to a Resolution before he went to bed. It was not the fear of death, or misfortune that troubled him, but the horror of ingratitude; and having received so much kindness from the *Bassa*, thought it inexcusable in him to have any unjust designs on his Wife: *But*, then says he, *should I not be the most ungrateful of men, should I slight the affection of so charming a Person, to whom, if I consider her obligations according to their value, I owe more than to the Bassa? And is it not possible for me to see, and to love her without bounds, so as to be blameless on the one side and the other? No, no, if there be ingratitude in that, I cannot help it, there is nothing in the World can excuse me to the Sultaneß, and love ought to make my excuse with the Bassa.*

This was the last Combate between gratitude and love in the heart of the Count; the last car-

ried the day, and going to bed thereupon, he rested very well. The *Bassa* who was extremely desirous to see him so deeply in love, that he should not be able to deny it, was the first that spoke to him, to return again that day to the *Sultaneſs* Lodgings: he gave him the Key of the *Seraglio*, and laughing, told him, he need not make such haste to come back, if he found as much pleasure as he wiſht him there: but that he muſt have a care, he did not engroſs all the love to himſelf, but he ſhould give *Laura* ſome part, unleſs he were minded to languish as he had done, a long time to no purpoſe.

The amorous *Italian* went ſtraight to the *Seraglio*, and *Laura*, who waited for him, told him at his arrival, he might paſs to the ſame Chamber he had been in, and that ſhe would give her Lady notice of his coming; but ſhe not having the patience of waiting ſo long, was got already into the *Alcove*. The Count having an extream curioſity, and longing for a ſight of that place, thought it convenient for the purpoſe, to make uſe of that time, when he believed the *Sultaneſs* was abſent; and coming up to the *Balliſtre*, gently took up the Curtain. But how was he ſurprized to ſee on the ſudden, that charming Perſon in a Poſture the moſt capable of any, to make one in love.

I ſhall not trouble you with a deſcription of the *Alcove*, which being a Room of State for the Wiſe of ſo puiſſant a Lord, you may eaſily believe, was very noble and rich: It was raiſed a foot higher than the Chamber; the approach to it being by a ſpace cover'd with a fair Turkey Carpet, check-querd with little ſquares of Damask wrought with Gold. The *Sultaneſs* lay on a Bed of Damask of
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like work; and having design'd to shew her self that day to the Count, she had not forgot to put her self in an equipage and posture capable to charm him at first sight: she had turned her face towards the *Ballistre*, leaning her head carelessly on her left arm, which you might clearly see in her great Tiffany sleeve after the Turkish mode. Her black hair was partly pleated with great ropes of Pearl, parting down on her Breast, and part on her shoulders, and set off the clearness of her delicate Complexion (vying with the Snow in whiteness) to so much advantage, that it wrought wonderful effects in the beholder. She had about her body, a small Gold Bodice only, her bosom being half open, and the rest cover'd with a piece of fine Tiffany, like an Amazons Scarf: all was visible from her Neck to her Breast, and so admirable to behold, that it had been impossible for an eye, having seen it, (as the Count did) to escape being enamour'd of it: she had on her head, plumes of several colours, and in the midst of them a crescent of Silver. Her Coat was of a light Stuff Imbroydered with Gold, after the fashion of the Country, with Diamond Buckles to tuck it up at the knee: her Leg was half naked, and the rest covered with Buskins all laid over with Diamonds and Pearls; in a word, she was all so Rich, so Gallant, so full of Charms, that the poor Count was utterly undone at the sight. His joy and astonishment were visible to her in that confusion of action and words, in which he was so miserably plung'd, that he knew not what was become of himself, nor what he would say to her. But falling into an Extase, and wholly swallowed up with admiration, his Eyes and his Sighs were Orators for him. The fair

fair Sultaneſs as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, would, with a Handkerchief ſhe had in her hand, have covered her face, and bid from him part of the confuſion ſhe was in. But the happy Lover, recovering courage by degrees, paſſing his arm betwixt the *Balliſtres*, hindered her from it. Once you might have had reaſon *Madam*, ſaid he, to have kept from my ſight thoſe treaſures of love, as knowing full well that no man can ſee them without dying for love of them; but now 'tis too late to conceal them from me. I have ſeen more than any heart is able to bear, without yielding it ſelf; and it would be extream cruelty in you, not to compleat what is ſo happily begun. As the *Count* was ſpeaking to her in this manner, ſhe look'd upon him with eyes ſo tender and piercing, that ſhe ſeemed willing to execute what he deſired. The crafty *Count* having ſeiz'd one of her hands, (to which, as he look'd upon it, he gave a thouſand amorous kiſſes,) by little and little drew it out ſo far on his ſide, with ſo feeble reſiſtance from the *Sultaneſs* that ſhe came at laſt to lean her head on the *Balliſtre* juſt over againſt the head of the *Count*. Then it was, he had full liberty to take a view at his pleaſure of thoſe Beauties that put him to amazement, and raviſhed him with ſuch joy as he had never before been ſenſible of. As ill luck would have it, the *Balliſtres* were ſo cloſe, that not any two of them ſtood half the head diſtance one from the other. However the two Lovers meeting half way, made a ſhift to ſlip through a great number of Kiſſes, the moſt charming and ſweet that Lovers e're taſted. The *Count* being naturally bold, made one Liberty but a ſtep to another, and ſeeing what he was permitted to do, and the pleaſure

fire she took in it, he press'd his amorous temerity so far, that what he did may pass for half an enjoyment. Till then their entertainment was made up of dumb engagements, a thousand times more eloquent than the finest expressions in the World. Their eyes, their sighs, their actions, their toys had spoken a Language intelligible enough to persuade both they loved one another intirely. They had no need of other conversation; yet, *Laura* arriving, they changed it a little, but they spoke before her the most tender, and most passionate things you can imagine. The *Sultaneſs* who had that confidence in her as to conceal nothing from her, was not troubled at her coming. But the *Count*, who took not so much pleasure in these discourses, though very obliging, as in those dumb entertainments, made a sign to *Laura* to take the other turn; at which the *Sultaneſs* seeming a little angry, let down the Curtain, and so fastned it behind, that he could not take it up. But this being in jest, and to provoke his passion the more, her rigour was short-lived, and Peace presently made more firm than ever.

The first favours give a priviledge for others, and a kind of right not only to hope, but demand them: The *Count*, to be reveng'd of his *Mistress* for the piece of spite she had done him, thrust both his Arms between the *Ballistres*, and embracing her on the sudden, kissed her with that violence, that he forced Blood out of her lips. The *Sultaneſs* was so far from complaining of the rudeness of his Careſſes, that being charm'd with the pleasure of them, she carefully saved all the Blood on her Handkerchief to preserve it as a Trophy to shew

Laura, as a most sensible mark of the extreme Passion her dear *Alexander* had for her.

Let me acquaint you by the way with a rarity of those parts; that for a Woman to have been beaten by a Man she loves, is esteemed in that Country a great evidence of affection to the party beaten. I confess such favours are somewhat rude, but 'tis the temper of the Country, and such is their custom: As for the Blood that came from the lips of the Amorous *Sultaneſs*, we may believe it proceeded from a transport of Love. With us, one may be bitten, but not beaten through extremity of this Passion; but blows exceed the limits of Gallantry, and that Woman must be an *African*, that loves to be so courted. 'Tis a fashion will never pass in *Europe*, and though they use it sometimes, yet never to oblige Women; none of whom that I know of were ever pleased with a bastinado. The rest of this visit having been spent in foolery and toys, though sometimes of much moment in matters of Love, I will not trouble you with the particulars. *Laura*, who was not far distant from the Lovers, appeared at the least sign of their pleasure to have her attend. The Count and the *Sultaneſs* bid each other adieu with the greatest kindness imaginable: And *Laura* brought him to the Door of the Apartment, so deep in Love, he scarce knew where he was. He went directly from thence to the *Bassa*, who instantly observed the visible change of the Count's former Sadness and Melancholy into a tender and languishing air; at which the *Bassa* taking occasion to laugh, said, *Well, Alexander, hath Love plaid his part well?*

Is it your pain, or your pleasure bath so charm'd you to day? I confess, Sir, said he with a sigh, it is the pleasure I have met with; but pleasure, I fear, which may cause me much pain. The *Bassa* believing, that to be the Confident of the Count's Passion, might be of some use, took him by the hand, and led him to the Garden, to take a turn in the Walks. He fell presently upon the subject of his good Fortune, and prayed him to tell him truly, how his Affairs stood. The Count having his Heart and his Fancy all full of Love, with very great ease gave him such a ravishing description of his tenderest affections, and painted the pleasures he had taken that Evening so much to the life, adding his sighs and exclamations, with gestures and looks so eloquent and passionate, that he awaked in the Soul of the *Bassa* the affection he had formerly for *Laura*, and lately laid asleep. What care soever is taken to cure one of this passion, still there remains enough in the Heart of a Lover to set it on fire by the least spark that falls on it. The insensibility and resistance of *Laura* had not Ice enough in them to quench all the heat of the *Bassa's* affection. She had only covered it with ashes, to preserve it the better against another time: Had the Count acted like a Politick Lover, he had easily fore-seen, how ticklish and dangerous a business it is, to make such representations before Persons who are amorously inclined; and especially before a Man whom he had reason to consider as a Rival, and in whose Power it was to dispose of him as he pleased. But the truth is, that in speaking thus of *Laura*, he thought he hazarded nothing of his own; he had really no kindness for her, but hoped to do his own business

business the better, in making the *Bassa* believe that he lov'd her; which is the reason he did not carry himself in this with so much caution, as he would have done in another conjuncture.

The *Bassa* slept not that Night. *Laura* appear'd a thousand times more handsom and charming, in the description of the Count, than ever she had done in his Eye at full sight. He esteemed himself the most unfortunate of Men, not only for that he had quitted the pursuit, but had contributed so much to see her in the Arms of another: Hereupon jealousy presently possess'd him, attended with a train of spite, rage, and peevishness to torment him. What greater shame, thought he, could ever happen to a Man as he was, who never found resistance from a Woman, than to have been slighted by a Slave, who was his dependent, and had yielded to another Slave as soon as she had seen him? For after the passionate relation *Alexander* had made, the *Bassa* made no doubt but all was concluded; he had fancies of this kind that troubled him extreamly: and if he did not then hate the Count, 'tis certain, he retained not for him that kindness he had formerly express'd towards him: And as for *Laura*, though he was then more in Love with her than ever, he had a pique against her, and could not forbear reproaching her all Night, for her want of discretion, in making greater account of a mans kindness, that could do her no Service, than of his, by whom she might have made her Fortune. These thoughts were followed by others concerning his Person. He accused himself of baseness, and weakness of Heart, to trouble himself with the thoughts of a Creature that so little deserv'd his esteem, or to intend to hinder
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the satisfaction of two Lovers, whose Love he himself had caused and promoted. All this notwithstanding, he went on the morrow with the Count to the *Seraglio*; but for no other end, but to observe the countenance of *Laura*, who surprized to see him come: *This is extraordinary, Sir, said she laughing, twice in one week: What will People say of it? As for you, said the Bassa, you will say no ill of it, I come in so good Company; and should others believe as formerly, that I come for love of you, you know tis not for my self, and therefore you are the more obliged to me.* *Laura* very civilly thanked him for his goodness. They fell then all three into a little discourse of Gallantry, wherein the *Bassa* spoke so many kind things to *Laura*, that she might understand part of that Amorous trouble he was in, if she had mistrusted in; but he delivered himself with such an air, that his Complements, and kind Expressions were taken for meer effects of his good humour. But the *Bassa's* coming thither, being under pretence of seeing the *Sultaneſs*, he could not dispence without giving her a Visit; but he was not long with her, being not able to rest till he return'd to the two Lovers, which he did with all the speed in his power. He told *Laura* a thousand things more obliging than formerly; and having highly caressed her, gave her at parting such a look, that if she had made the least reflection upon it, she might have easily perceived the kindness he had formerly for her took fire afresh with more vehemence than ever; but she could not suspect in the least he would trouble her any more, after the leniency he had exprest for his *Alexander*, and having been the instrument of the pretended Passion between

between her and the Count. She took all for Gallantry, and made it the subject of raillery with the *Sultaneſs*, to whom ſhe gave an account of all that had paſt with the *Baſſa*, and with *Alexander*. The fair *Turk* went that Evening to bed, ill ſatisfied with her fate, having been diſappointed of an Entertainment ſhe had expected, as pleaſant as that ſhe had received the day before from her dear *Chriſtian*; ſhe could not ſufficiently lament the unluckineſs of the Viſit given her by a man who Courted other Women, and ſeemed to have been born to incommode and give trouble only to her. *Laura* answered in raillery, She had little reaſon to complain of it to her, to whoſe complaiſance ſhe was beholding for a ſight of her Lover: *Ah Laura*, ſaid the *Sultaneſs*, *who knows for what reaſon he hath been ſo complaiſant: You may very well believe, it was not to oblige me. I believe ſo, Madam*, replied *Laura*, *but you are obliged to him however, and ought to thank him for me.* After this little raillery, they fell to diſcourſe, what could have brought the *Baſſa* thither that evening; and could not imagine, but it was in Complement to the Count.

The *Baſſa* by this time was fallen into a deep Melancholy, ſeldom appearing, but when he walked in the Garden, ſometimes alone, and ſometimes with *Alexander*, and then not a word of *Laura*, nor any diſcourſe of going again to the Apartment of the *Sultaneſs*: This troubled our Lover, who beſides his affliction for being deprived of the ſight of a Perſon he loved better than his Life, and ceaſing to ſee her, muſt ceaſe alſo to live; had a thouſand tormenting ſurmiſes and troubleſome fancies upon the *Baſſa*'s change of humour, which he could

not

not attribute to any thing but his having taken some umbrage and jealousy of him, on the account of the *Sultaneſs*. The *Sultaneſs* and her Confident were no leſs tormented on the other hand; they had ſeen a fiſt, a ſecond, a third, and a fourth long day paſs without a ſight of their *Alexander*: Lovers are very exact Accomptants, and keep reckoning of the very moments, but account nothing more tedious than a day of abſence. What ſhould be the meaning of all this, ſaid they one to the other, having a thouſand fears upon them, though they knew not of what: 'tis a difficult matter to keep any thing ſecret in places of that nature. Yet they could not imagine they had given any occaſion of diſcourſe, or that any Perſon in the Apartment had made the leaſt diſcovery of their Intrigue. At laſt, on the fifth day, after abundance of Affliction, the *Baſſa* came to ſee them; but, the miſchief of it was, that he came alone. Beſides, he appeared ſo dull, ſo muſing, and ſo much out of humour, they made no more doubt but he had ſmelt out the Intelligence they held with the Count. But that which gave them the killing blow, and raiſed their fears to the height, was, that *Laura* having, according to her cuſtom, waited the *Baſſa* out of the Chamber, and aſked him, what he had done with her dear *Eunuch*? I am jealous of him (ſaid the *Baſſa*, making no ſtay) I need tell you no more: *Laura* made haſt to give her *Miſtreſs* the Alarm, and told her, there was no more doubt to be made, but jealousy was the cauſe of the *Baſſa*'s not bringing *Alexander* with him, the *Baſſa* himſelf having told her ſo that inſtant; thoſe who are guilty, are eaſily frightened, and fear hath this property, that it ſo confounds the imagination,

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that the lightest suspicions are taken for clear and unquestionable truths. With what sighs, what tears did the poor *Sultaneſs* afflict her ſelf; yet not ſo much for the ill conſequences ſhe might apprehend from the jealouſie of the *Baſſa*, as for the fear ſhe had, that if he were really jealous of the Chriſtian, ſhe ſhould never have a ſight of him more. She did heartily wiſh ſhe could have written to him, but there are few truſty Meſſengers to be found in thoſe places, where there is cauſe to diſtruſt every one you converſe with; and every Eye that ſees you, is a ſpy on your actions, at leaſt if not gained by Money or kindneſs, wherein, after all poſſible care, you may be deceived: as ſhe was in this trouble, *Laura* received a Note from the Count, brought her by an *Eunuch*, and carried it forthwith to ſhew it the *Sultaneſs*, being in theſe words.

Madam, the Baſſa every day more obliging than other, is pleaſed to grant me the honour of walking with you this Evening in the Garden of the Seraglio. I know not whether you can diſpenſe with your ſelf till then. Let us take the hour you think moſt proper. He will be there with one of his Miſtreſſes. Send me word, if you pleaſe, if I may expect this favour from you.

The *Baſſa* would never have thought of this walk, but out of the extream deſire he had to know certainly, how *Laura* and *Alexander* ſtood affected one to the other; and that he might inform himſelf of what they ſhould diſcourſe. The Garden was a place very fit for his deſign, eſpecially by Night, where he could hear without being ſeen. He had made the propoſal to the Count, in confidence he would receive it with a great deal of joy, which

which in appearance he did, but without hope of any great satisfaction from the Adventure, it being scarce probable the *Sultaneſs* would permit *Laura* to come. But that which really troubled him, was the opinion he had, the *Baſſa* was certainly jealous of his Wife, ſince he gave him ſo clear proof of his unwillingneſs that he ſhould ſee *Laura* at her Lodgings any more.

The Question then was, how to write to the *Slave*, to diſpoſe her for the walk. But the Count having written the Billet, the *Baſſa* ſent it by an *Eunuch*, and ſtay'd for the Answer.

The *Sultaneſs* read the Billet, and was of opinion with her Gallant, that it was for Love of her the *Baſſa* was unwilling he ſhould come any more to ſee *Laura* in her Apartment. It was long ere they came to a reſolution in the point, whether *Laura* ſhould agree to the aſſignation: *Laura* very wiſely thought it better not to go, but the *Sultaneſs*, wholly led by her Paſſion, and too deeply in Love, to act any thing with reaſon that concerned her affection, notwithſtanding any thing *Laura* could ſay, made her write him this Answer.

It were to act the part of a very ill Perſon, to be all alone in the Garden, while others are diverting themſelves there: I conſent for pity, to come and hear you company, but in condition that you will be wiſe, and that we be at ſome diſtance from the Baſſa, becauſe I would not be known by her, that he brings with him. If you can promiſe me theſe two things, I am for you after the fourth Prayer, when the Sultaneſs is a Bed. Adieu.

This answer was beyond the expectation of the Count, who rejoiced extreamly at the pleaſure he promiſed himſelf with the *Slave*, from the diſ-
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course of the *Sultaneſs*, while they ſhould continue in the Garden.

Night being come, and the fourth Prayer over, the *Baſſa* told him, he might go, and bring *Laura* to the Garden, while he went for one of his *Miſtreſſes*, who was lodged on the other ſide. It is the Cuſtom of the *Grandees* of that Country, among a multitude of Women they have in their *Seraglio*, when they have not a particular inclination for any one, to take this to day, and another to morrow ; and having loſt the taſte of Love, to ſearch for Pleaſure in change and variety.

It may be eaſily imagined, that *Alexander* received this Commiſſion with a great deal of joy, and was in no ſmall haſte to go to the *Sultaneſſes* Lodgings. She who was charmed at the ſight of him, could not expreſs her joy without a thouſand tranſports of Love, and the moſt tender careſſes a moſt paſſionate Lady could poſſibly make her deareſt Lover. *Alexander* did his part to admiration, not only returning tranſport for tranſport, and careſs for careſs, but excelling his pattern, Love working in him, or he in the *Sultaneſs* ſuch things as gave her very great ſatisfaction. It may be admired Peradventure that two Perſons ſo little acquainted, ſhould in ſo few days become ſo very good Friends. But we muſt know, Love in theſe hot Countries makes far quicker progreſs than in the cold, where the Winds, and the Snow, and the Rain ſpoil his Wings, and hinder his flight : Whereas on the contrary, the Sun is there almoſt ſtill at the height, and Love being a tender Infant, and going always naked, thrives there the better, where he finds hearts very well diſpoſed, and ready to take fire.

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The Count, who could not stay long there, was willing to bestow the small time he had to spend with the *Sultaneſs* in gentle reproaches for her permitting *Laura* to come and walk with him. You have, ſaid he, a very good opinion of my Affection, *Madam*, or elſe you love me with a great deal of indifference, that this does not in the leaſt trouble you at all. The *Sultaneſs* answered, ſhe relied not ſo much on his Fidelity, as on *Laura's* Diſcretion, whom ſhe knew too well, to think ſhe would betray her. Look you to your ſelf, as for her I place a confidence in her, and if you do your Duty, I am perſwaded ſhe will not be wanting in hers. Having thus ſpoken, ſhe would not detain him longer for fear of the *Baſſa*, but retired to her Chamber. The happy Lover, very well pleas'd with the lucky moment he had paſt with the *Sultaneſs*, asked *Laura* if ſhe were ready; She made him answer, he ſhould not ſtay for her longer than while ſhe fetched her *Barnus*, which is a kind of Hood that covers them from Head to Foot. The Count ſeeing her return muſſed up in that garment, went his way before, according to their cuſtom there, and ſhe followed: He ſaid not a word to her while they were in the *Seraglio*, for fear of being over-heard, and diſcovered; but being arrived in the Garden, where they had liberty enough, *Who will believe, Madam*, ſaid he, *but we made an Amorous assignation, being come to a place of Rendezvous ſo fit for the purpoſe. And the Baſſa will not fail to think us the happieſt Lovers in the World.* *Laura* made him no answer, but kept on her way, till they came to the Bower that was assigned them at a convenient diſtance from the *Baſſa's*, as *Laura*

had desired. The Count gave her his hand, and knowing very well every turn in those Walks, which he visited almost every day, he made her sit on a place of green Turf made for the purpose. Then, said he, *this, Madam, is to try a mans Fidelity with a Witness, to expose him to pass part of the Night in such a place as this with a Lady so beautiful as you. Surely the Sultaneß will henceforward rest assured of my Passion.* The Count made a pause, expecting her answer, but not receiving a word from her, he proceeded, telling her, I thought we had not been so debarred the pleasures of an Assignment, but we might have enjoy'd that of discourse; but for ought I perceive, you mean to follow the fashion of *Turky*; and since 'tis a favour in this Country for a Woman to shew her self, or speak to a man, you will deprive me of the one and the other: But while we are together, I pray let us live after the mode of our Country, which is far better than the *Turkish*. To do otherwise with us, were altogether too rigorous, and more, I believe, than you have promised the *Sultaneß*, or she expects at your hands. Away, I beseech you, said he, taking her by the *Barnus*, with this useless Hood, and do me the favour to tell me some News of the *Sultaneß*; or if you please, of the Adventures brought you hither, which from the day I first had the honour to see you, I have had an extream longing to ask you: This you will not deny me, if you think I may be any way useful to you, as I doubt not but I may, being your Country-man, and so well esteemed by the *Bassa*, as to be able to do you some Service. All this Discourse so obliging for *Laura*, she heard, without replying a word,

quitting her *Barnis*, as he had desired. The Count seeing this, pressed her no further, but with more serious air said, if you desire, *Madam*, to pass the Evening in this manner, it will be very unfortunate for me; but I must comply. And removing a few paces from her, he went and sat him down in a corner of the Bower, where he continued a while without speaking a word. The fair Lady fetched a sigh, as if she had been displeased at his quitting her. The Count laying hold on that occasion to be even with her, took his turn of tormenting, in not answering her sighs. At last she came to him, took him by the Arm, and embraced him, with many grimaces, as if she would have turned all into ridicule. The Count fell a laughing, and said, *Madam*, I beseech you be satisfied with the Sacrifice I make to Love, without trying my patience any further; let us, if you please, have a little conversation, but answer me when I speak, for I do not love talking to my self. But all would not do; she laughed under her Hood, and took pleasure in vexing him. The Count at last growing impatient; this is too much, *Madam*, said he, and since you will needs laugh, I'll shew you a trick shall make you speak in spite of your Heart; having said so, he took her in his Arms, and not being able to take off her Hood, he used some Familiarities with her, would have forced speech from a Maid of *Laura's* Discretion and Modesty: But the Lady was still silent, and so little concerned, that she scarce made any resistance. At which the Count was extremely surpriz'd, and after all the esteem he had for *Laura*, apprehended there might be a design in the business, and that he was abused: Then it was

he did all in his power to get sight of her through a little glimmering of light that came into the Bower. Did the *Sultaneſs* know, ſaid he, the liberty you allow me, ſhe would give you no thanks for your ſilence, or your being ſhie of affording me a ſight of you, which it ſeems you do to give me occaſion to attempt greater matters, and deny me ſmall favours to grant me the principal. The fair Lady not able to defend her ſelf longer, quitted her *Barnus*, and having eſcap'd out of his hands, Ah, little Traytor, ſaid ſhe, is this the Fidelity you have promiſed me? Oh Heavens, *Madam*, ſaid he, is it you? It was the *Sultaneſs* her ſelf had taken *Laura's* place, and you may imagine what a pleaſant ſurprize this was to the Count, who could not on the ſudden otherwiſe expreſs it than by his exclamations; and running after her (who fled not too faſt) he overtook her at the Door of the Bower, and embracing her moſt tenderly, My dear *Sultaneſs*, ſaid he the ſecond time, is it you? Yes, answered ſhe (ſuffering her ſelf to be gently brought back into the Bower) it is I, who repent me already of what I have done for you, who did not deſerve it. Did you think me ſo ſimple, to expoſe into the hands of another, that which I hold moſt dear in the World? Do not I ſee how ill it is truſting of you? Your Conſtancy was very tottering; it was at leaſt half overcome. And had *Laura*, the counterſeit *Laura* answered your offers, where would you have been? Never was Man more confounded than the Count at all theſe Reproaches: He made a free Confeſſion, but excuſed himſelf by her carriage towards him,
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alleging it impossible for any Man to have withstood the attacks she had made. At last, he carried the Cause, all was accommodated, and Agreement made, and Love signed the Articles.

To come in search of a Gallant (as the *Sultaneſs* had done) into a Garden where she knew her Husband was present, was an Adventure somewhat bold: And doubtless, there are many Women who will condemn her conduct as imprudent; but of those who are in Love there, are few, who being in her place, would not take the same course. The *Bassa*, though accompanied with a very Beautiful Person, past away time somewhat worse than the Count: *Chabania* his *Mistress* had (besides Beauty) an excellent Wit, and a very taking carriage, which made her pass for the most charming Person in the *Seraglio*. The *Bassa* had formerly been deeply in Love with her; but Love for convenience is not very durable: Her Patron was not in an humour to Entertain her that Evening, and had not brought her with him into the Garden, but to serve for a pretence to colour other designs; she apprehended as much, as soon as she knew that *Laura* was in the Garden, which the *Bassa* unluckily told her, thinking he might satisfy her in that point, by letting her know that *Laura* was deeply in Love with *Alexander*, in whose company she was. But *Chabania* was so far from believing it, that she presently fancied *Alexander* to be no other than the *Bassa's* Confident in the Affair, and that he had not brought *Laura* into the Garden but for his Matter: She had been formerly jealous of him,

even to distraction, and I know not how it came to pass the *Bassa* was so overseen, as not to have made choice of some other of his Women, who might have been more for his turn on this occasion: She was at her wits end for the small countenance he gave her; all the while he was with her she had scarcely four words from him, and saw clearly his thoughts were wholly of *Laura*. This was vexation enough for a Woman in Love, who knows her self handsom, and is high spirited withal. But that which put her into absolute despair, was, that the *Bassa* not able to obtain any truce from his jealousy, having spent some time in her company, without any caress, or giving her the least evidence of kindness, though she had more than once given him occasion to shew it; told her, he had a longing desire to go and hearken, and know how the Christians in the Bower entertained one another: She made him no answer, but letting him go, she the next minute after went another way towards the same Bower to observe the *Bassa*, and see what he did there.

The Nights in that Country are very clear, especially in Summer: The *Bassa*, notwithstanding all the caution he had used to post himself securely near *Alexander's* quarter, under the favour of the Hedges, that covered his approach, was perceived by the counterfeit *Laura* in the Bower. She had discovered him by his shadow, and having made her lover aware of it, he presently went out, and ran to meet the *Bassa*, to intreat him not to come any further, but permit him to enjoy that moment of pleasure he had been pleased to procure him. The *Sultan*

not knowing what wind had brought the *Bassa* to that side of the Garden, and fearing he would come into the Bower, would not be perswaded by any thing that *Alexander* could say to her, to stay after him in the Bower, but presently went out to hide her self in some corner of the Garden, where she might be in better security.

The mean time the jealous *Bassa*, confounded at the discovery, and having lost the opportunity of executing the design he had so unfortunately laid, suffered himself to be prevailed upon by the intreaties of his Rival, and returned towards his Bower, as *Alexander* to his; where being arrived, he was sufficiently amazed at missing the *Sultaneſs*, but thought she had fled away for fear, which troubled him extreamly; but just as he was leaving the Bower to go in search of her, he saw in the furthest and most retired part of it, something that seem'd to have the shape of a Woman: Then going up thither, and finding he had not been mistaken, he fancied it only to be a trick of the *Sultaneſs*; this pleased him extreamly, and passionately embracing her, *Madam*, said he, *are not you very swaggiſh? You would fain have made me run all about the Garden in ſearch of you:* She answered not a word, but getting out of his arms, she went away briskly, and withdrew into another corner of the Bower: the Count was surprized at this manner of proceeding, being not so gentle as he expected from the *Sultaneſs*, who loved him so tenderly; but to undeceive himself as soon as he could, and to find out the cause of so sudden a change, he went up to her

the second time, and taking her by the hand ; *What may be the reason, Madam, said he, that you run away, and hide your self from me ? there is no fear of the Bassa ; he is withdrawn to his quater, and hath promised not to give us any further disturbance.* But all this could not make her answer a word ; so that not knowing what to think of this rigour, he kneeled on the ground where she was sitting on a seat of green Turf, and kissing her hand, prayed her for loves sake, to tell him the reason why she seemed angry with him ; he courted and imbraced her with great passion and tenderness, and she as patiently took it, but at last perceiving her laugh a laughter very different from that of the *Sultaneſs*, he examined her more nearly, and knew by the difference of her shape, and her Cloaths, that he was mistaken. It was inconceivable, what a trouble this put him in. He thought himself arrived in Fairy-land, to see the strangest sights in the World. That *Laura* had been changed into the *Sultaneſs*, was not so surprizing as pleasant, but that the *Sultaneſs* should be turned into another Woman, and perhaps a *Mistress* of the *Bassa's*, this was the thing he could not comprehend : that which troubled him most, and extreemly disquieted him, was the pain he was in, for not knowing what was become of the *Sultaneſs* ; and the fear he had, the *Bassa* might have met her in the Garden, and known her : this moved him again to go out in search of her, but *Chabanea* (for it was she he had mistaken for the *Sultaneſs*) held him fast by the sleeve, and staid him, telling him in the *Moors* Language, it was not fit for him to quit in that manner a Lady for whom he had already expreſs'd some affection.

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The Count understood not her language, prayed her to let him go for fear the *Bassa* should come, and be offended at his being with her. But all to no purpose, she no more understood his *Italian*, than he her *Moresque*, and was so far from letting him go, that she would have made him sit by her, that she might revenge her self on the *Bassa* for the slight he had put upon her. During this little contest, which could not but be some what extraordinary between two Persons who understood not one another, the *Sultaneſs* comes in quiet out of breath, and throws her self half dead into the arms of *Alexander*, who happened to be in a place ready to receive her. What frightful fancies had he then in his head? He presently imagined they were utterly undone, and that she had been discovered. But the *Bassa* arriving presently after, set him right again, in saying, you run away *Madam*, speaking to the counterſeit *Laura*, from a Person who wiſhes you no ill, nor intends you any; then turning towards *Alexander*, he was about to excuse himself to him for breaking his word, but ſeeing *Chabania* ſtand by him, he ſuddenly altered both his mind and his Language, asking her in *Moresque* what ſhe was come thither for. She answered him aloud, and gave him a thouſand reproaches for his unworthineſs and weakneſs in quitting her, to follow a Slave that run away from him. This was a very rare Scene, and the Dialogue not a little pleaſing to the *Sultaneſs*; but ſhe had not long to laugh at it, for *Chabania* being vext to the heart for the ſlight the *Bassa* had put upon her, and for what he had ſaid to her before her pretended rival, flew like a Fury upon the *Sultaneſs*, with that promptitude and ſwiftneſs, that neither the *Bassa*, nor *Alexander*, who would have ſtaid being

her, were able to save the counterfeit *Laura* from being somewhat ill handled. The Count was touched to the quick at this out-rage, and no consideration of life or of duty could have prevented him from having satisfaction, had not his fear of losing the *Sultaneſs* prevailed more upon him than his resentment. The *Baſſa* was as angry as he, and taking the enraged *Chabania* by the hand, he drew her somewhat rudely out of the Bower, and led her away.

The Count was no ſooner alone with the *Sultaneſs*, but embracing her tenderly, *Madam*, ſaid he, with a paſſionate tone, *what dangers have you gone through for love of me! what a cruel aſſault have you but now endured?* The *Sultaneſs* did nothing but laugh at the laſt adventure ſhe had been in, and told him ſhe took more pleaſure to ſee *Chabania's* deſpair, (for whom ſhe had ever a natural averſion) than ſhe had ſuffered of harm by her outrage and violence. But ſhe confeſſed the ſame time, that ſhe was in extrem perplexity when ſhe met with the *Baſſa* ranging over the Garden in ſearch of that Woman, and that it was the higheſt piece of good fortune imaginable, that ſhe had her *Barnus* with her, to hide her ſelf in. She added that her dear Husband had ſaid to her a thouſand gallant things, and had done alſo ſome things a little extraordinary; but that it was her good fortune to be not far from the Bower, and to make her eſcape: She told him further, that there remained no more doubt of the *Baſſa's* being newly fallen in love with *Laura*, and that ſhe was very well aſſured of it by the kindneſs of his expreſſions, and the tranſports ſhe obſerved him in at this re-
counter

counter ; that this was the true cause of all their harms, and the reason why he brought him not into the *Seraglio* as formerly : The *Count* was of the same judgment, and both held it necessary to make good use of the occasion, and that *Laura* who was to act the principal part, should imploy her best address and complaisance in their favour.

The *Bassa* taking small pleasure in the Garden after the unhappy success of his amorous designs, having done his endeavour to pacifie *Chabania*, would bring her back to her Lodgings, and pass'd by *Alexander's* Bower, to let him understand it was time to withdraw. The *Count* followed him immediately, being extreamly joyful to have come off so happily from a walk that had prov'd so full of adventures : He bore his dear *Sultane's* company into her Apartment, where he staid not long for fear of the *Bassa*, but withdrew to his lodging. He pass'd the rest of the night very pleasantly, though he slept not at all ; and the truth is, he had reason enough to be well pleased, though his Patron had not, who was more labouring under mortal afflictions : *Laura*, whom he now was more deeply in Love with than ever, put him in despair by her Rigours and Cruelties : if no more pity from her, then no more pleasure to be expected in his life. His great affection for *Alexander* could not keep him from being his rival, and wishing to share with him in the favours she did him. His passion was arrived at a point which is the highest of sufferings, that of not being loved : and when he thought of the opportunity he had let slip the night before, when he had *Laura* in his power, he was so cruelly vext, he could have found in his heart to be revenged of himself : yet he had

no great cause to blame his discretion, for he had done enough, and unless he would have driven his Gallantry to the last push of all, he could not have done more. He was not willing to declare himself to *Alexander*, nor acquaint him with the thoughts he had newly entertained, as well to prevent the displeasure he believed it would give him, as for that he conceived the *Count* might be of use to him in the design, and that the discovery might be to his prejudice.

In the Morning as soon as he was up, he went (as he sometimes was used) to the *Count's* Chamber without any attendant, and found him in Bed: *A Man* said he, *must be as happy as Alexander in his Love before he can sleep as quietly as he.* If there be any answered the *Count*, hath cause to commend his good fortune on that account, it must without doubt be a Person of your comeliness and Gallantry, who to gain love, need no more than say you are in love. Yes, replied the *Bassa*, with a smile, except it be to *Laura*, who hath made me very sensible that I can sigh to no purpose, and that the master of her person may not be the master of her heart; It was necessary that *Alexander* should come from *Europe* to *Africk* to make that Conquest: This, Sir, replied the *Count*, may be an instance of the Vagaries and Extravagancies of Love, who often knows not where to fix, but follows the effects of destiny, or the Stars which are predominant over the affections. And I believe Sir, added he smiling, as for the Love of *Laura*, you are already very well satisfied, and so little concerned where she bestows it, that you never designed to make me in Love with her, that you might be my Rival. However, said he, observing

the *Bassa* sigh, I assure you, should it so happen, you cannot do me a greater favour than in letting me know it. And you shall find that all the passion I can have for her, shall not hinder any performance of the duty I owe you. I will quit all my pretensions as I know you have the least design upon her; that I may prevent all dispute with a Person to whom I am so deeply oblig'd, that there can be nothing so dear to me, but I will part with it for your sake. Believe it *Alexander*, answered the *Bassa*, it is not so easie a matter to be disengaged from a passion like yours: you may as well perswade me, you cannot be in Love. I am certainly in Love, replied the *Count*, and it may be as deeply as possible; but having so many favours daily heaped on me from you, there is nothing in the World I shall Love more than your repose and satisfaction: And, Sir, if *Laura* appear now as amiable as formerly to you, I must tell you again, I love her no longer; so easie a matter was it for the subtile *Italian* to be generous in parting with that in which he was so little concerned. The *Bassa* asked him if he would say as much before *Laura*. He answered, he believed him too just and too gallant to desire him to make a declaration of that nature before one who had been his *Mistress*. At last the *Bassa* proposed another walk in the Garden that very day, and at the same time prayed him to write about it to *Laura*; which the *Count* having not been able to avoid, received his answer.

The burnt child dreads the fire; we do not commonly expose our selves twice to the same danger. The *Bassa's* usage of me last night, gives me small encouragement to trust him the second time. And you

you are an eye witness how ill I was handled by her be had with him. Let it satisfy you, that if you come hither, I will have the honour to see you. But no more walking.

The *Bassa* much troubled at so unexpected an answer, went out of the Counts Chamber without saying a word, and pass'd in solitude the rest of the day. But in the Evening he went to the *Sultaneſs*, where he presently met *Laura*; who inquiring of *Alexander*, and why he had not brought him with him; would it displease you, said the *Bassa*, if I supplied his place this Evening: that were too great an honour for me, replied *Laura* smiling, but the *Sultaneſs* expects you, and is not very well. The *Bassa* gave her his hand, and would have led her into a private Chamber; *Laura* perceiving it, and that he was in good earnest, prayed him to let her go; that her Lady was not well, and he knew well enough she could not endure her being a moment out of her sight: I, I, replied the *Bassa*, the *Sultaneſs* is sick, and cannot be a moment without you; but 'tis because 'tis I desire to pass that moment with you; had it been *Alexander* you could have staid a little longer. The *Bassa* said this with so pleasant a tone, she could not forbear laughing. You know Sir, replied she, 'tis another case when you are with the *Sultaneſs*. Besides Sir, added she smiling, one would venture a little for a Sweet-heart: Well, well, said he, pressing her to go along with him, 'tis love hath brought me hither: I, Sir, answer'd she, striving to get away from him, and 'tis Love obliges me to avoid the occasion of being found alone in your company; for though I know you a most accomplished Person, you will allow me to
tell

you, you have not too much respect for our
 and 'tis very hard trusting you, witness your
 faults last night in the Garden. The *Bassa* made
 a thousand Oaths he would keep within the
 bounds of that respect and discretion she might ex-
 pect from the severest virtue, and protested he de-
 voted only one quarter of an hours discourse. *Lau-
 ra*, who knew the violence and obstinacy of his
 humour, when denyed any thing he held reasona-
 ble to be granted him, disposed her self to enter-
 tain him that quarter of an hour. He reproached
 her a thousand times for her hardness and cruelty
 against him, and gave her withal the kindest words
 and the most tender and passionate expressions ima-
 ginable. *Laura*, to defend her self, pleaded
 her Honour, her Religion, and her Duty to the
 Princess her *Mistress*; three things she would not
 say for the World: Had you but a little Love
 for me, said the *Bassa* with a sigh, you would not
 find so many reasons for defence. I have my Re-
 ligion as you have yours, and the Precepts of it
 perhaps as severe as yours; but Love is stronger
 than all the Precepts, the Laws, the Religions of
 the World, and those who serve him, worship no
 other God. As for the *Sultans*, how are you
 concerned, that is my business, not yours; and it
 will be your fault, if ever she know it. But what
 do you tell me of Honour? Surely 'tis more for your Honour to love a Man
 I am, than to love such a one as *Alexander*.
 You mistake your self, Sir, answered *Laura*, if
 you think that in the visits he hath made me, there
 is any thing pass'd contrary to my duty. 'Tis
 with those of our Nation, as with the Peo-
 ple of this Country: We may be together,
 and

and no body by, yet my Honour secure. I swear to you, Sir, *Alexander* never received that favour from me, which I could not afford the Person for whom I am the least concerned in the World. The *Bassa* interrupted her; what, not in the Garden? Neither in the Garden, nor any where else, replied she, had he ever any other advantage than a sight of me, which with us is accounted for nothing. Can you make me believe, answered the *Bassa*, what you say? *Laura* told him there was nothing more true, and he might rest assured of it: But Sir, said she, for your better satisfaction, bring him no more hither, and you shall see whether I make my complaint for it: 'Twere pity, replied the *Bassa*, to destroy so fair a friendship; and I do protest to you, that were it in my power, I would give you no trouble, but I am not so much Master of my self, to gain this point on my heart, to be unconcerned in your Love: But since you love *Alexander* with so much indifference, that you can so easily resolve not to see him more, I have no cause to afflict my self, but rather to hope you may one day love me perhaps as much as you do him.

After these words the *Bassa* retired, with a heart a little better at ease than when he came in, but as deeply in Love as before. He gave not an intire and firm credit to what *Laura* had told him of her indifference and small concernment for *Alexander*, but did believe her passion for the Christian not so great as he had imagined, or that their Love had been cooled by some quarrel, for he had observed on the one side and the other, more indifference than is usually consistent with that passion.

But then reflecting suddenly on himself, may not this be (said he, resuming his jealousy and diffidence,) an effect of their policy? may they not be agreed to deceive me? and being already sufficiently assured of one anothers affections, may they not pretend they have no Love for one another, that they may Love one another with greater security? No, no, adds he, this cannot be, there is no hiding of Love, it will appear if not smothered to death: She loves not *Alexander* at all, or loves him but indifferently; thus he the more easily perswaded himself to be so, in that he did most passionately desire it might be so; and thence-forward his passion increased so fast, it became greater than ever. Hope being a passion that more than any other fomented that of Love, easily promises it self happy events, and flatters it self with expectation of good fortune and success.

Laura gave the *Sultaneſs* an account of all the pleasant discourse; and the *Sultaneſs* could have wished *Laura* had not been altogether so severe to the *Bassa*, but a little more kind and complaisant, without which she thought they could not see *Alexander* so often as she desired. *Laura* on the contrary told her, that to have been complaisant, would have spoyl'd all, for that the *Bassa* would then have entertained some hopes of favour from her, and so become more amorous than before, and consequently more jealous of his supposed Rival than ever. What shall I do then, said the poor *Sultaneſs*, who can do nothing but fear, and cannot expect any thing but crosses and misfortunes? *Laura* told her, things were not in so desperate a condition, that

she need trouble her self for it, for the *Bassa* had promised to send *Alexander* on the morrow, and that they would consider with him how to order their business.

The Count did not know that the *Bassa* had been with the *Sultaneſs*; but having not heard from him that day, he went on the morrow to wait on him at his riſing. He found him abed, ſo dejected and melancholly, that he might by his countenance eaſily diſcover the heavineſs of his heart. Yet he received him with that air of kindneſs and friendſhip might well aſſure the Count he was not diſpleaſed with him. The *Baſſa* was ſilent a while, and then looking on the Count with an air of friendſhip and confidence; *Alexander*, ſaid he, I am the moſt unfortunate of men, eſpecially in Love. *Laura*, added he, ſighing, the cruel *Laura* hath not the leaſt tenderneſs for me; no, not the leaſt pity for the torments ſhe ſees me ſuffer for her: and unleſs you will be a little kind to me, I know not what will become of me. Ah Sir, answered the Count, let me but know what you deſire of me, and what I can do for you: you know it is not in my power to diſpoſe of others hearts; but if I may contribute to your ſatisfaction; if you would have me ſpeak to her; if —— How happy ſhould I be, ſaid the *Baſſa*, interrupting him, would you do what you can. Sir, replied the Count, if it depend upon me, you may promiſe your ſelf ſucceſs. The *Baſſa* held his peace for a little time, as if he ſtudied what to ſay; but *Alexander* preſſing him to declare himſelf, he told him with ſome trouble, that he ſhould appoint an aſſignation with *Laura* in a Cha-

er, in the Apartment of the *Sultaneſs*, where the *Baſſa* might meet her in his ſtead. The Propoſal was ſo unworthy and unfit for *Alexander* to conſent to, that it aſtoniſh'd him on the ſudden ſo extreamly, that having bluſh'd at it very much, he knew not what answer to make. The *Baſſa* obſerved the diſorder he was in, and was more out of countenance at it than the Count; but for fear he ſhould interpret it otherwiſe than intended, and taking his bluſhing for no very good Omen, he told him, (to be rid of him) that he might go think of it, and that if he gave him any answer, it ſhould be a favourable one.

The Count went out of the Chamber, and made a thouſand reflections on his ill Fortune, which had reduced him to the extremity of making him ſerve ſuch a perſon; not but that he was fully perſwaded, *Laura* would not come, and that he ſhould be little concerned, though ſhe ſhould entertain the motion, and favour the paſſion of his amorous Patron: But beſides the baſeneſs of the employment he put him upon, he was mad to think he took him for ſuch a Villain, that loving a Maid, as the *Baſſa* believed he did *Laura*, could betray her ſo baſely. This was the only thing troubled him, nor would he have done it, though he died for it.

The *Baſſa* having ſeen him leave his Chamber in that manner, thought there was ſmall hope of effecting his deſign that way; yet being a perſon of great reaſon and worth, he was ſo far from thinking the worſe of the Count, or being offended with him on this occaſion, that he eſteemed of

him the better, and considered of other means to gain satisfaction to his love in the enjoyment of *Laura*. His passion was now arrived at a height beyond the power of reason to manage, and capable to put him on any enterprize whatever. The most vertuous of men when changed into a desperate Lover, become the most furious and extravagant of all; being so much more sensible of slights put upon him, as he conceives himself a person of merit.

This transported Lover having failed of his design to make *Alexander* of his Party, to serve his ends in a Proposal that included Treachery, resolved to deceive *Laura* himself, by going to see her that night disguised as an *Eunuch*. The design was not very well laid, but it took, as shall appear by the sequel. He had not the patience to stay till his ordinary hour of going to the *Sultaneſs*; but as soon as 'twas night, he went away disguised like an *Eunuch*, and came to the apartment, where he found one old *Moor* at the gate, who not taking so much notice of him as to know him, he sent her to *Laura*, to tell her that an *Eunuch* of her acquaintance desired to speak with her in the Chamber of Repose; so called because it was retired, and far from noise, and the place where they used to take some hours rest after dinner in Summer. He made choice of this Chamber as the most proper for his design; and the old Woman was no sooner gone about her message, but he went to hide him there. *Laura* was then busie, and the *Sultaneſs* having casually met the old Woman in search of *Laura* asked her, what she would have with her? the old Woman having had no order to keep private

her business, told her freely, there was an *Eunuch* desired to speak with her in the Chamber of Repose. The *Sultaneſs* hearing of an *Eunuch* who would speak with *Laura*, made no question at all but *Alexander* was the Man; and without further enquiry what kind of Man the *Eunuch* was, or any other consideration, she takes *Laura's* *Barnus*, and goes to the place of assignation; had she made the least reflection on the message, she could not have been so deceived, nor have exposed her self so easily to the danger she went into. It was not the custom of her Gallant to use her thus, or to see her any where but in the *Alcove*-chamber; he scarce knew the name of the Chamber where she was told he staid for *Laura*, and knowing what she did of the *Bassa*, she had reason to mistrust him. But those who are in Love as the *Sultaneſs* was, are subject to greater over-sights than these. She knew that *Alexander* was not to see her but by night, yet she waited for him from the first moment she awoke in the morning; and in this amorous expectation, which tantalized her extremely, and kept her in a mortal inquietude whether he came or came not, there needed no help to hurry her away when the time drew near. Women who have been in Love, will easily confess there is nothing so hard as to be prudent on such occasions, and that the name of their Gallant when expected, hath made them start up for joy, and run to meet him ere they knew whether he were come.

The passionate *Sultaneſs* having given up her self to be led blind-fold, where she thought Love waited for her, borrowed wings of that God to carry her the sooner into that Chamber; there was

not any light there, but this did not surprize her, it being not usual to place any in that Chamber. She pleased her self with the fancy of putting a Love-trick on *Alexander*, by making him take her once more for *Laura*, this made her resolve to be silent a while, as she had been in the Garden, and to divert her self that way. But as she was entring, she was taken with a shivering all over, and such a sudden fear, that she was on the point of going back again. But the Gallant who waited for her, having taken her by the Hand, she began to recollect her self, and went along with him where he pleas'd : he led her away to the further end of the Chamber, where he was so loath to lose time for making use of the occasion, that embracing her with some transport, though trembling withal, he had almost put it out of her power to defend her self. The *Sultaneſs* thinking this action too violent to be *Alexander's*, began to mistrust ; and having given him his liberty till then, she did the utmost in her power to resist him, and knew, though a little too late, that she was abused, and that this Man had neither the shape, nor the stature, nor face of her *Alexander*, and that it must be the *Bassa*, which some marks she knew about him, soon put out of question, she changed her method, and stood upon her guard. The resistance she made after the kindness she exprest at the first, was observed by the Gallant, and made him perceive that the cheat was discovered, and no hopes of hiding himself. So that without further dallying he made his last efforts, and rendred those of the *Sultaneſs* so useless, that he obtained his design. This transported Lover was happy at least in conceit, which sufficiently proves the power

of imagination, and that our greatest pleasures proceed from it. I am sure, there is no unfortunate Lover but may envy his mistake, and that chance could not put a greater obligation on any Man, than this on the *Bassa*. His passion thus satisfied, he withdrew, without saying a word, and the Lady made all the hast she could to her Chamber, for fear the passionate *Bassa* should renew the assault. *Laura* who had been much troubled at missing of her, was no less amazed to see her come in the condition she was in, which made her throw her self on the Bed; where half weeping, half laughing, she told her the story of the adventure: At which *Laura* did nothing but laugh; expecting very pleasant conclusions from so comical beginnings.

The Count had been at the *Bassa's* in the Evening, and not finding him within, came on the Morrow to acquaint him with the resolution he had taken on the proposal. As he entred the apartment, he was told that the *Bassa* had been all that night, and had not slept at all, and that he had forbidden any entrance into his Chamber; but the Count having more priviledge than others, they let him pass, and he found him abed, and writing, with so sad a meen, and so dejected a countenance, that the Count presently concluded he had had a very ill night; seeing *Alexander* on the sudden, he coloured a little; but the Count laying one knee to the ground, I come, Sir, said he, to beg one favour more of you: You are the principal Author of all the Love I am engaged in, it is my misfortune that you feel the same passion. Accept, I beseech you, the sacrifice I make you. Sir, I will never love, and if you will have it so,

I will never see *Laura* more. Bless me! cried the *Bassa*, what Lovers are these! is it possible that two persons who began to love one another with so tender affection, can part with such ease? and that I, who am am not beloved, cannot bring my self to this; speak *Alexander*, and tell me whether it proceeds from any distast you have taken, or that you do it for my sake. No Sir, answered the Count, *Laura* is this day as amiable in my eyes as the first day I saw her; but rather than see you in the condition I find you in, I will not spare the doing my self any violence I am capable of; and for your quiet and my own, I heartily wish I never had seen her. This example is so rare, replied the *Bassa*, that nothing less than the esteem I have for you, can make it credible. In the mean time this Billet will let you see, that I have not staid for you to set me a President, but that I know in my turn how to give Presidents for others to imitate, but not to out do. It is written to *Laura*, read it: And there it will appear to you, that if I have done you wrong, I know how to punish my self for it. I should be heartily sorry, so virtuous and excellent a person as you, should part from us, with an ill opinion of me. The Count extreamly surprized at this discourse, not comprehending the reason of it, after an answer full of respect and acknowledgment to his dear Patron, took the Billet, and there read these words.

If all the passion Man can have for a Woman, is not capable to justifie the crime I committed against you, you ought to pardon me, at least being suffered in one night all the torments and afflictions of a cruel repentance, which yet fills me

ful with grief and confusion. And if by giving you and your Lover your Liberty, I may in some measure make amends for my faults, you may make you ready for your voyage, for to morrow morning you shall go both together. Farewell, and think of the violence I did my self, in forcing from my bosom two persons, whom of all I ever saw, I loved most entirely, and then you will find me not altogether unworthy of pardon.

The Count was so confounded at reading the Billet, as never was Man, and had much ado to hide the disorder it put him in; he kneeled the second time, as it were to give the *Bassa* thanks for this last favour, which before his engagement in Love with the *Sultaneſs*, had been the greatest he could have done him; but now after his passion, it was certainly the greatest misfortune could befall him. He was willing by this action to hide from the *Bassa* the trouble he was in. But the *Bassa* took him up, and told him, he could not see him in that posture, for a business where he had more cause to complain of him, than to thank him, that he should know at leisure the whole matter from *Laura*, and that in the mean time he had nothing to do but prepare for his Voyage; that he had given order to stay a Christian Vessel, which should have gone off that very day for *Italy*, and should land them at *Legorn*; that the weather was fair, and that without fail he should embark with *Laura* on the morrow: for all which he gave him his word.

The Count having taken leave of the *Bassa* went out of the Chamber with a heart so full of trouble and affliction, for the news he had received, that he

he wanted a more proper place to comfort himself, and to vent his thoughts of the resolution the *Bassa* had taken to give him his Liberty, and to send *Laura* with him. He knew not what might have obliged him to a resolution of this nature, though upon reading the Billet, he did imagine the *Bassa* had committed some outrage on *Laura*; but this was not the thing troubled him; it was the *Sultaneſs*, from whom he must part, and must bid her adieu for ever: to part with a Woman one loved so tenderly, to part with her for ever, and to part with her in the height of his passion, sounds very harsh, and where is the Lover could take such a resolution for any reason what-ever? Yet Liberty, which to a Man who knows what 'tis to be a Slave, to a Man of *Alexander's* quality, is a thing so attractive; to return to his Countrey after eight or nine months absence; the pleasure of *Rome*, and the consideration that if he lost this opportunity, he might perhaps never have such another; all this, I say, made such a Party, that the most beautiful, and most charming Lady in the World, could not have hindred many excellent Persons from quitting hers to take it. But true Love which values nothing above its own satisfaction, flights a liberty to be bought with too many tears: yet in this conjuncture, it was almost impossible for *Alexander* to refuse this cruel liberty, being all he could in appearance desire, and bestowed on him by the *Bassa*, with a *Mistress* with whom he believed him passionately in love. What reason could he find to refuse such a Present which had cost the *Bassa* so dear, and ought to be the most acceptable to him? He despaired to find any, and saw clearly there was a necessity of parting, unless Love, favourable to Lovers in extremity, would come to his aid, and
make

make the *Bassa* alter his resolution, as they commonly do who take any against love; never did Slave pay more Vows to be delivered from his Chain, than he did for the continuance of his Captivity, choosing rather to be a Slave the rest of his Life, than to be for ever removed to such a distance from that which he loved a thousand times more than his Liberty.

The *Bassa* having passed some hours after in his Bed, to muse upon the resolution he had taken, which he adhered to, though it made his heart ake, called for his *Aga*, and gave him orders for the departure of the two Christians, causing store of Provisions, and very rich Presents to be carried on board the Vessel; this done he sent his chief *Eunuch* to the *Sultaneſs* his Wife, to intreat her to give *Laura* her Liberty, whom he was minded to send home to her Country, together with *Alexander*, for reasons of importance to her, as of necessity for him, and for the ease and repose of one and the other. Having given these orders, and the same time sent the Letter he had written to *Laura*, he took Horse for *Bardou*, one of his Houses of Pleasure, a mile from the Town, and staid there till midnight, having all that time walked alone in the Gardens, to wean himself from the sight and company of *Alexander*, and the pleasure he took in *Laura's* discourse.

That night the *Bassa* could not sleep, and in the Morning his *Aga* being come to bring him an answer from the *Sultaneſs*, as to his request for giving *Laura* her Liberty; he went presently to carry it to *Alexander*, whom he found in appearance ready to be gone, but in truth never less disposed, but hoping every moment some change of resolution

resolution in the *Bassa*. *Ab*, Alexander, said he, we must part, but I know not how we shall; for the *Sultaneſs* who loves *Laura* with the same affection I do you, notwithstanding my representing to her how much she was concerned in interest to have us part, and to desire it as much as I, cannot resolve upon it, but hath sent me word this Morning she will sooner lose her life than her *Laura*. You must go see *Laura*, and tell her 'twill be her fault if she be not free, and go along with you; for as for me, what I have promised I will perform. In the mean time I will give order that the *Vessel* be staid longer, that it may not sail without you. Sir, answered Alexander, there are frequent opportunities of Transportation, and when you have given some longer time to satisfy the *Sultaneſs*, and dispose her to grant *Laura* this favour, our obligation then will not be less for our Liberty you are now pleased to grant us. Alexander replied the *Bassa*, resolutions like that I have now taken in your favour, go so much against the grain of a heart affected as mine, that delays may be dangerous, and time may make them falter: make use of the good motions reason and equity have inspired into me. I do not tell you my thoughts are unalterable. The spite I have against my heart for its weakness, the outrage I did *Laura* yesterday; my shame to appear before her after it, and the small hopes I have of gaining her Love, are the true causes of your good fortune: all this is yet fresh in my mind; stay not till time deface these impressions, there being nothing men are apt so soon to forget, as the injuries they had done to others.

As they were discoursing together, a huge Moor who served as Purveyor for the *Count*, and brought him every Morning his Provision from the *Seraglio*, came on the sudden into the Chamber with a great Basket on his head, not thinking (without doubt) of the *Bassa's* being there. The Moor started at the sight of him, would have gone back, but the *Bassa* with his hand made signs for him to stay; he obeyed, and laid the Basket on the ground, which appeared very heavy, and so he withdrew; the *Bassa*, of pure curiosity to see what they had sent *Alexander* to eat, bid a Moor, who waited in the Room, take up the Basket lid, which he did, and found the Provision to be a Woman very pleasantly tucked up and muffled in her *Barnus* that she might not be known. But being in the Habit of a Christian (which the *Bassa* and *Alexander* had formerly seen *Laura* in) they made no doubt but it was she. The *Bassa* at first was very much surprized, but then fell a laughing, and said to the *Count*, the Invention is rare, and that she had far more wit than the Women of that Country; but this is a product of Love the Father of Inventions. However, 'tis certain nothing could have been done more proper for our design: But shall not we see, said he, all your Provision? *Madam*, you are here between the two best Friends you have in the World, and you have no reason to be shy of shewing your self; having said this, he drew near to the Lady, and would have taken her by the arm to help her to rise, but she refused and thrust him back. I see *Madam*, said he, you have not yet granted me the pardon I begged of you. I confess the offence was too great to be so quickly forgiven; but you are taking your leave, and it is
not

not fit we should part without being friends; for it would be a perpetual grief to me, to see you leave this Country with hatred in your heart. Deny not this favour (added he, reaching forth his hand) to a man reduced to despair for having offended you, and punishing himself so severely for the fault, that there is no need of this extream cruelty from you. But all he spoke was in vain, for she hid her self more closely, and fortify'd her self in the Basket to prevent being seen. The *Bassa* was unwilling to press her any further, but addressing himself to *Alexander*, told him, it was his part to make peace, and to prevail with *Laura* to let him see her once more being the last time: The Count took it ill that she made so shy of shewing her self to a Person to whom she was too much obliged, to deny him his request in such a conjuncture, what cause soever she might have had of quarrel against him. Besides, he was particularly concerned to press her to shew her self; for the last refuge he had, was his hope that the *Bassa's* tenderness for her, would perhaps at the moment of parting take fire afresh, and make him change his resolution; with these thoughts he went to her, and gave her all the reasons he could invent to be reconciled to the *Bassa*, and let him see her a moment; but all to no purpose. He had not one word of answer, which angered him so, that having taken her twice or thrice by the arm to make her rise, he was just going to force up her *Barnus*, and threatned to do it; but the *Bassa* would not suffer it, bidding him force her no further; that she had cause enough to complain, without doing her new violence for love of him. But, says he, let us make use of the time, and since she is brought

hither

hither to our hands, and you have no more to do but embark, let us finish what we have begun, and perform what we have undertaken, there never can be a fairer opportunity ; and I cannot think that *Laura* will be sorry to leave such a Country as this, or part with us to go along with you. The *Sultaneſs* in all probability is yet aſleep, let us not ſtay till ſhe awakes. We muſt preſently carry *Laura* (as ſhe is in the Basket) into the Ship : you ſhall bear her company, and as ſoon as you arrive, you ſhall hoist ſail and away ; as for me, I will paſs the reſt of the day at *Bardou*, and give out ſuch orders as may be neceſſary, that in caſe the *Sultaneſs* miſs *Laura*, and find ſhe is eſcaped, you may not be ſtaid. Having ſaid this, he ſent a Moor to the Port, with order to have a Shallop in readineſs to carry *Laura* and *Alexander* aboard the Chriſtian Veſſel riding at *Gouletta*. This done, he ſent for the Captain of his Guards, and bid him accompany the Count, and commend the care of that Basket to the Moors who were to carry it along. Having given theſe orders, he had no more to do, but bid his dear *Alexander* adieu ; and having embraced him with tears in his eyes, he bore him company to the Shallop, and from thence went to *Bardou* with a heart full of grief. The poor Count was more to be pitied : He was not much concerned to expreſs how ſorry he was to part with the *Baſſa* ; but as for the *Sultaneſs*, whom he could have wiſhed to have ſeen once more at leaſt, his trouble to leave her was ſo great, that he felt not the grief he ſhould have ſhewed when he bid the *Baſſa* adieu, who had ſo highly obliged him. When he ſaw he muſt part, and no hopes of ſeeing her, his heart was ſo full he could not ſpeak a word ; the tears

ran down his cheeks, which much moved the good *Bassa*, who thought they were shed for him, and was not displeased to see himself outdone by a Man who was not ungrateful, and cordially loved him : At last he saw him embarked, and bid him the last adieu. The afflicted Count was so oppress'd with grief, that from the Haven to *Gouletta*, having given his heart a little more liberty than he durst have done in presence of the *Bassa*, he let fall such lamentable expressions, looking towards the Town, that the Captain of the Guard, and the rest that accompanied him, were extreamly astonished, and moved to compassion. By good luck they understood not *Italian*, but his gestures, his tears, his looks, and the colour of his countenance expressed an unparallel'd trouble and affliction.

He no sooner got a board the Ship, but he threw himself on a Bed, and was so much beside himself, that he did not as much as think of his Basket ; but the Captain of the Guard had eased him of that care, and caused it to be carried into his Cabbin ; after which he took leave of him, and having commanded the Captain of the Vessel to hoise up his Sails, he went into the Shallop and returned to *Tunis* ; then was it that *Alexander* finding himself alone in his Cabbin, abandoned himself to the torment of his grief. Ah Fate, said he, unjust Fate, what have I done that you use me so cruelly, that you force me away from a Person without whom I cannot live. Ah my *Sultaneſs*, dear *Sultaneſs*, must I leave you, must I absent my self from you for ever ? For ever, said he again, rising up : Ah Heavens ! let me rather be se

aston

ashore, I shall find pretence enough with the *Bassa*; let me rather trust Love than Fortune, she hath betray'd me: Whatever happen I must die, and I had rather die at her feet whom I love, than at this cruel distance. Having said this, he went to see if they were still at Anchor, but found they were already a great way from Land, and sailing with a favourable wind, had almost lost sight of *Gouletta*. What despair was he in? Ah my heart said he, there is no remedy, now I must perish. Dear *Sultaneſs*, added he, taking his Sword in his hand, see whether I am guilty of this absence, and receive the Sacrifice I make you of my Life; with that he drew his Sword, and was going to thrust himself through; when on a sudden the Person in the Basket, who had thus far hearkned to all he had said, threw her self upon him to prevent further mischief. Let me alone to finish a life which cannot but be unhappy at this distance from all that I love. Ah dear *Alexander*, answered the Lady, embracing him with all tenderness, her joy not permitting her to say any more. The Count finding immediately (notwithstanding the trouble and transport he was in) some difference between this voice and *Laura's*, looked behind on the Lady who held him in her arms: But what an astonishment, what a charming surprize was it for a heart like his, and in the condition he was in, to see that it was the *Sultaneſs* her self?

T H E

HAPPY SLAVE.

The Second Part.

OH Heavens! Is it you, Madam, cry'd the Fortunate Lover? Is it you? says he again, overwhelmed with a full Tide of Joy, flowing so fast it had almost made him speechless; may I believe that I see you the moment I thought I had utterly lost you? Oh happiness unparallel'd and beyond expectation! But, Madam, direct me, I beseech you, where to pay my Devotion; am I obliged to Love, or to Fortune? Your thanks are due, dear *Alexander*, said the *Sultaneſs*, for the Design, to Love; and to Fortune, for the Success.

The Happy Lover extremely amazed at so surprizing an Adventure, found in himself so sudden an alteration from the depth of Grief to the height of Joy, that to enjoy more fully the present pleasure of so blessed a change, he thought his moments too precious to be employ'd in satisfying the curiosity of knowing by what means he was so unexpectedly

expectedly arrived at so compleat a Felicity. The Vessel under sail with a favourable gale rendered them as secure as Mortals can be on an Element where the Winds are in a manner Master of our Lives as well as Resolutions. The Happy Lovers lost not the advantage of the Season to enjoy one another with as much pleasure and satisfaction as prosperous Love is capable of.

The Captain of the *Bassa's* Guards being arrived at *Tunis*, took Horse, and soon got to *Bardou*, where he found his Master walking alone in the Garden, and gave him an account of the departure of *Alexander*. The *Bassa*, like a man dejected and disconsolate, having lift up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, without saying a word, withdrew into a Marble Bower in the midst of the Garden, where he continued all that day, having given his Guards express Orders not to permit any Person whatever to come near him; hoping thus to free himself from the importunity he fear'd from the *Spanies*, on *Laura's* account. His Servants and Guards were much surprized at these Orders, not knowing what might be the cause of his displeasure, unless it were that *Alexander* was gone.

In the Evening arrived at *Bardou* a Spahie, who brought him a Letter, and was followed by another, and he by a third, who all came to speak with him on business of extream haste and importance; but being acquainted with the Orders he had given, they durst pass no further, but resolved to wait his coming out of the Bower.

The *Turks* observe exactly the Orders of their Masters; but *Aly* the Captain of the Guard, gathering from the number of Couriers the impor-

tance of their business, thought it his Duty to step to the Town, being but three Miles distant, to learn what the matter was, and getting presently on Horse-back, went directly to the General of the Gallies, being one of them who had dispatched the *Spabies*. The General sent him instantly back, with strict Order to speak with the *Bassa*, and tell him, that to oppose the designs his Enemies had against his Life, his presence was absolutely necessary at *Tunis*; *Aly*, who apprehended the consequence of the affair, made no scruple (when returned to *Bardou*) to present himself before his Master; who extremely enraged to see his Orders broke first by him, would neither hear him, nor receive the Letter he would have delivered him from the General of the Gallies. But locking himself up, past his time till the fourth Prayer, when he took Horse to return to the Town. By the way he received Letters from several, but thinking they came from the *Sultaneſs*, or some of her party, he opened not one of them.

The General of the Gallies astonish'd not to see him come, after News sent him what was Plotting against him, resolv'd to go in Person to see what stay'd him at *Bardou*, and by the way met him. The *Bassa* seeing him come with a very large Train, asked him smiling, if he thought he had been Besieged, that he came to meet him with so numerous a Party. You are pleasant, Sir, answered the General; but I wish we stand not in need of far greater Forces before we come to *Tunis*. The *Bassa* observing him to speak in good earnest, fixt his Eye upon him a while without speaking a word, then askt him, what need there could be of the Forces

forces he mentioned ; and (with Indignation) what, says he, will they Assault me for love of the *Sultaneſs* ? Do not you think, Sir, reply'd the General, there is reason enough for't ? Can you believe that a Prince like the *Dey*, your Mortal Enemy (but from the Teeth outwards) can brook the injury you have done him, who loves the *Sultaneſs* his Daughter better than his Life ? What injury, ſaid the *Baſſa* ? What injury, reply'd the General ? An injury, than which, in my Opinion, a greater could not have been offered. What, answers the *Baſſa*, interrupting him, will they diſpute my Power to ſet two of my Slaves at liberty at my pleaſure ? No, Sir, ſaid the General, no queſtion is made of your Right or Power in the particular you mention ; but the *Sultaneſs* was not your Slave, and unleſs you deſign'd to engage in a new Civil War, not only the Rules of Honour, Juſtice, and Religion, but the Maxims of good Polity, ſhould have prevail'd with you, not to deliver her into the hands of a Chriſtian, than which a greater miſfortune cannot befall a Woman of our Religion. The *Baſſa* thought this Diſcourſe ſo extravagant, that he burſt out a laughing, and gave him no other answer, but that he had taken the Alarm too ſoon. The General being moved, reply'd with ſome heat, you know me too well to think me concern'd at that you reproach me with ; but when you come to *Tunis*, you ſhall judge if I had not cauſe to take the Alarm. If the *Dey*, answer'd the *Baſſa*, deſign a breach with me, he will find a better pretence than you ſpeak of. True it is, I have ſent away *Laura* with *Alexander* the Chriſtian, without the conſent of the *Sultaneſs* ; but there were reaſons for it, and ſuch as the the *Sultaneſs* of all Perſons living had moſt

cause to approve. The General of the Gallies did verily believe the *Bassa* was seriously bent upon raillery, and willing to keep that as a secret which all the World knew; which he took in ill part, and had not spoke a word more on that subject, had not the *Bassa* continued the Discourse. But, Sir, said the General, interrupting him, what pleasure can you take in endeavouring to conceal from me (one of your best Servants and Friends) a business so notorious to all? Every body knows *Laura* is in your *Seraglio*, and that the *Sultaneſs* is embarked with *Alexander*. Not to mince the matter, I must tell you, the general voice is, that for Love of this Slave, you have rid your hands of the *Sultaneſs* and *Alexander*, and that you design to Marry *Laura*, though a Christian. But give me leave to tell you, that besides the novelty of the thing (the like having never happened in this Kingdom) not only the *Dey* and *Divan* will oppose it, but your Friends will to their power obstruct it, and prevent it if they can; and I dare undertake, you will scarce find a Person of your side.

The *Bassa* hearing him speak in this manner, thought him distracted, and would have used him accordingly, but restrained by the Friendship he had for him; *Laura*, says he, whom I saw carried in a Basket, whom I accompanied to the Port (where they put her aboard a Shallop) whom the Captain of my Guard conducted to the Vessel in which she was Embarked, and he saw under sail, this *Laura* is in my *Seraglio*, and I am to Marry her. Sir, answered the General, did I not know you very well, and were fully perswaded of the good esteem you are pleased to Honour me with

all, I should not know what to think of your Discourse ; for it cannot be but you know the whole Affair better than any Man. But to end the Dispute, let us go to your Palace, where you shall see whether it be *Laura* or the *Sultaneſs* that is there.

It was not long ere they arrived at the Palace. The *Baſſa*, who took all that the General had ſaid to be fabulous and vain, would not ſo much as have ſent to the *Seraglio* to know how things ſtood, thinking it foolery to doubt of the *Sultaneſs* being there. However in complaiſance, and by way of raillery, he ordered *Aly* to wait on the *Sultaneſs*, and to Complement her for him, upon the diſpleaſure ſhe took for the departure of *Laura*.

The Captain of the Guard not fancying his Maſter ignorant of what was paſt, took his Order for a meer matter of Addreſs, and a colour only to hide the truth of what he would have conceal'd ; and approve himſelf able to manage the intrigue, as one who could penetrate into the deſires of the Perſon who employ'd him, he went to the *Seraglio*, where he preſently learnt what he formerly knew, that 'twas *Laura* was there ; and returning to the *Baſſa*, made him a civil answer as from the *Sultaneſs*. This put the General into very great diſorder, and gave the *Baſſa* new occaſion to laugh, telling him, he did not underſtand the deſign of the *Dey*, in raiſing thoſe Reports to procure him the ill will of his Friends, and hatred of his People, and renew their former broyls with greater violence than ever ; but that he ſhould find the means to bring him to Reaſon, and that in the firſt place, he would expoſe the *Sultaneſs* to the view of all the People, and then ſend her home to

the *Dey*, to let him see how unwilling he was to have any Alliance with a man who made it his business to find occasions to ruin him.

As they were Discoursing, they heard a great noise on the sudden in the Palace, followed by Volleys of Musquet shot, and People crying to Arms, to Arms. The *Bassa* went presently out of his Chamber to see what the matter was, and met *Aly* coming to tell him, that the Palace was invested on all sides, and that an attempt had been made to enter it by force: but that he had beat them back with ten or twelve Souldiers of the Guard, who by good Fortune hapned to be with him. The *Bassa*, of all men the least subject to fear, and of a ready Wit, and admirable judgment in the most surprizing occasions, knowing himself destitute then of Forces to make any resistance, and hearing them threaten to set fire on the Palace if the Gate were not opened, order'd they should cry out at the Windows that the Gate should be open'd, that those who had begirt the Palace round, and were, for the most part, drawn thither with hopes of Plunder, might run all to the Gate, and give him opportunity to make his escape another way.

The Stratagem took according to his desire, and he made his escape by a private way from his Enemies, who had shewed him no Mercy had he fallen into their hands. But he, with the General of the Gallies, and Captain of the Guard, got safe to the Mountains, Inhabited by the *Moors*, who had great love for him. He no sooner gave them notice of the need he had of their help, but they came to him that Night, so that by break of day he found himself at the head of 8000 Men, Armed some with Musquets, some with Pikes, both equally useful to them.

Poor

The Happy Slave.

Poor *Laura* was alone, abandoned to the Mercy of this Popular Torrent, who having pillaged in a moment that Rich and Sumptuous Palace, without respect to the place or the Sex, entred the *Seraglio* by order from the *Dey*, and took out thence the unfortunate Slave, leaving the rest exposed to the will of the Rabble. It was *Laura's* good Fortune, that he who had the Commission to take her, was a Person of great honesty and worth, a private Friend of the *Bassa*, and one who express'd as much respect for her as she could wish in such a Conjunction. She was carried to the Castle, where she was committed to the same Officer's Custody, being a Secretary, and generally esteemed by all the *Divan*. And being the only Person could speak to her without danger of being heard, he confidently told her the first time he saw her, that the *Bassa*, whose Conduct till then appeared admirable, had committed a fact no less difficult to be repaired, than generally condemn'd by the best of his Friends, but that he feared the greatest smart would be hers. The poor Slave sufficiently Alarm'd by seeing her self forced out of the *Bassa's* *Seraglio*, and made the *Dey's* Prisoner, was frightened much more by the Discourse of this *Turk*, who appeared to her a very credible Person; she pray'd him for Heavens sake to tell her what the matter was, what fault the *Bassa* had committed, and how she was concern'd in it, that she must be thus handled? If you are ignorant of the passages this day, answered the Secretary, I will let you know them.

I believe, continues he, that you know *Chabania*, or at least have heard talk of her, all the World is convinced of the Malignity of her Nature, and
illness

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illness of Disposition: But to the business in hand; that which she affirms, is grounded on Proofs so pregnant, and Reasons so clear, that her Malice hath compassed the effect she desired. Whether she was jealous of you, or in disgust with the *Bassa*, I know not, but she is the cause of the disorder you have seen; which, if not remedied, may prove the ruin of the Kingdom: The *Dey* was at *Chefs* when word was brought him, that a Lady from the *Bassa's Seraglio* desired to speak with him on business of great importance. Instantly he quitted his Game, and retiring into a Chamber to give the Woman Audience, he sees *Chabania* enter, attended with her *Eunuchs* who Usher'd her, who falling before him on her knees, spake to this purpose. Sir, I bring you News, which doubtless will trouble you. But if I deserve Death for not being able to endure an injury done to your Royal Blood, and the whole Nation, without giving you Adversitiment, I am content to suffer for it, having the satisfaction to see you Revenge the wrong has been done you, which is, that your Daughter is gone, that she is delivered over into the hands of that Christian who sailed away this Morning, and that a pitiful Slave is to succeed in her place, to the infinite dishonour of your Highness and the Nation. Take your Revenge of the Author of this disorder, and execute that Justice which you ought against so cruel an attempt, acted to the dishonour of God, the injury of your Blood, and dishonour of your Country. Scarce had she made an end, but the *Dey* inflamed with Anger, and extreamly enraged, called in those who had waited in the Anti-chamber, and scarce able to speak for the Passion he was in, made *Chabania* repeat before them all that she had said

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said to him. It unhappily fell out that all who were there, were Enemies to the *Bassa*, and instead of appeasing the *Dey*, took the present occasion to animate and encourage him to get satisfaction for so cruel an outrage. Women and *Eunuchs* were sent from the *Dey* to the *Bassa's Seraglio*, on purpose to know the truth and particulars of this Affair, who made their report, that the *Sultaneſs* was not there, that no body knew what was become of her, and that you only were able to give us any news of her. A Messenger was presently dispatched to *Gouletta*, to enquire at the Castle, if there were not a Woman in the Christian Vessel that sail'd away this Morning; the answer he gave was, that the Vessel was sail'd away without being search'd and that the *Bassa* had sent order to that purpose by the Captain of his Guards, who accompanied the Christian aboard the Ship. These Circumstances so clear and apparent, did but too much confirm what *Chabania* had said. Hereupon divers Counsels were held; and the Assembly consisting of Persons ill-affected to the *Bassa*, or at least too Zealous for the *Dey*, the Result was, that Revenge should be taken. I cannot conceive how it was possible the *Bassa* had no news what past, the report having been presently noised over the Town. It was designed he should be surprized at *Bardou*, where it was believed he would have lain *this Night*. But News being brought, that he was on his way hither, the *Dey's Aga* had Order, if deny'd entrance, to set upon the Palace, and seize his Person living or dead. And I at the same time was to go to the *Seraglio*, and to carry you away. They miss'd of him, and it was well for you he escaped; for had he been taken, both he and you had been by this time dead. But having so luckily made
his

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his escape, and being Master of the Militia and *Moors* of the Kingdom, he may become formidable to the *Dey*, and be in a capacity to deliver you from danger.

The unfortunate *Laura*, too much acquainted with the unkindness of her Stars, did nothing but sigh and groan at the apprehensions of the new storms that threatned her. She knew better than any, the little reason they had to charge the *Bassa* with the flight of the *Sultaneſs*; and being of Opinion, that by justifying the *Bassa*, her cause would appear better before the *Dey*; she told this *Turk*, that her Patron was not, perhaps, so guilty as they thought. I know not, continued she, what is become of the *Sultaneſs* since she left the *Seraglio* this Morning; but the confidence you have express'd in me, in the freedom of your speech to me, and your generous carriage obliging me not to be so reserv'd to you, as I would to another; and seeing the extremity matters are reduced to, I must acquaint you, that if the *Bassa* sent away the *Sultaneſs* with the Christian, as is reported, she was very willing to go. And because it is probable you will hardly believe me, without telling you more, I shall be forced to relate part of a story which may serve at least to excuse, if not justify the *Bassa*.

You must know, Sir, said she, that the *Sultaneſs* loved *Alexander*; and that she loved him entirely; the occasion was this: The *Bassa*, whom every one knows to have had a mighty affection for that Christian, had a longing desire (whether for Divertisement, or to fasten him more closely to his Person) to see him in Love with some Lady; and was of Opinion, I might be fit for the purpose, if he could but contrive how to bring us together.

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But because I stirred not out of the *Seraglio*, and that it would have been a very scandalous thing, to see a Christian enter a Palace, where none of your Religion but *Eunuchs* have access; he put the stranger into the habit of an *Eunuch*, and having prevailed with me to accept of a Visit from him, brought him to me one Evening. The *Sultaneſs*, already full of good thoughts for the Christian, whom the *Baſſa* had a thousand times spoke to her of, was extreamly glad to hear of the design, to bring him to her very Apartment, and with very great earnestness prayed me, if possible, to procure her the pleasure of seeing him. This proved no hard task for me to perform: The *Baſſa*, who seldom came to visit the *Sultaneſs*, sending him almost every day disguised like an *Eunuch* into the *Seraglio*; so that I had no more to do but provide for the Secrecy of the interview between my Mistress and *Alexander*. They had a sight of each other; and if *Alexander* was so handsom, as to please the *Sultaneſs*, you may imagine that so Beautiful a Lady could not displease him. Their Love increased day by day to that height, that they saw one another very often. The *Baſſa* seeing his Christian in Love, and thinking me the object of it, took singular pleasure in it. The *Baſſa* had formerly had some kindness for me, which cool'd by my resistance; but having one day for Diverſement caused *Alexander* to give him an account of the progress of his Amour, the fire of his Love so long raked up and smothered, kindled afresh into a flame; and gathering from the success of *Alexander*'s Addrets, that I was not insensible, as I pretended to him; he renewed his Courtship, intermingled now and then with reproaches for the little

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the esteem I had for him in preferring the affection of a Slave before his : I fore-saw the danger, but was unwilling to make him sensible of his mistake, to save the two Lovers from the inconveniences which would certainly attend the discovery. And making my self a Sacrifice to the pleasure of the *Sultaneſs*, I let him believe I was not insensible of the Merit of *Alexander*. The affair thus managed, there followed many pleasant Adventures and Intrigues, which for fear of troubling you too much at present, I shall defer the relation of it to a better Opportunity. The mean time, the *Bassa* extremely pressed me, and reproached me daily for slighting his Passion, and at the same time favouring a Christian far less worthy of my affection. He left no stone unturned to compass his Amorous designs, insomuch as at last he found the means to have a privat and dumb interview in the dark with his Wife, whom he mistook for me, and did her all the violence imaginable to be revenged of the insensibility I had for him. Having satisfied himself, he parted with her without knowing her, blessing himself for the good Fortune of having obtained that which he might have commanded every day. But grieved at last for the outrage he thought he had done me, and not knowing how to excuse himself to a Mistress extremely offended, he judg'd no better amends could be made for his fault, than setting at Liberty two Lovers, whose Passion he had so unjustly injured, after having been not only the promoter, but first Author of their Love. He sent me the News of his Resolution by a Billet he writ to me, wherein he pleaded in excuse the great Passion he had for me ; that to expiate his fault, he would deprive himself for ever of the sight

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sight of me, and send me back with my Love to my Country, being all could be desired from a generous Rival : And that if I were sensible of the pain and regret my absence would cost him, I should find him punished beyond his desert. My joy was not greater than the trouble of the *Sultaneß* upon receiving this News; which put her into an unspeakable affliction. Her Nights and her Days were wholly spent in Tears; she used all means possible to prevent the misfortune she apprehended from *Alexander's* return into *Italy*. I gave her way, choosing rather to renounce my Liberty, than see her die for grief in the condition she was in. But the *Bassa*, the firmest of men in what he resolves on, not perceiving the reason she had to oppose a design she had more reason than he to promote, considering the Passion she knew he had for me, which must needs trouble her, was true to his Resolution; and knowing there was in the Port a Christian Vessel ready to Sail for *Italy*, he caused it to be staid for our Embarking therein. What a trouble was it to the *Sultaneß* to see the *Bassa* so obstinate, and us on the point of departing ! Never was a Person so plunged in a Sea of despair, never were sighs so lamentable as hers; I was resolved to entreat the *Bassa* to put off our departure to another occasion, that I might gain time to dispose her to grant me the favour; but whether it were for the shame to see me, or for fear that the sight of me might melt him into a tenderness that might alter the Resolution he had taken, he appear'd not at the *Seraglio*. The Morning we were to be gone, the desolate *Sultaneß* resolved to die, or to follow us; she had long studied to contrive a way how to do it : I was

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my Bed-fellow, but neither of us slept a wink. *Laura*, says she, having considered well what she would do, thou knowest the affection I ever had for thee, that I have used thee more like a Sister than a Slave. Thou knowest my heart, and I need not tell thee I cannot live without *Alexander*. I desire no acknowledgment of what I have done for thee, (added she, kissing me with her face all bath'd in tears) but for pity sake, forsake me not in the most desperate condition that a Woman, in Love as I am, can be reduced to, but do something to save my Life: had she desired mine with such melting expressions, I could not have denied it her, which she might perceive by the tears I shed to accompany hers. Then she told me of an intention she had thought of, whereby to get aboard with us, and that she doubted not of the success, if *Alexander* had the Passion he pretended to have for her; and if he had not, she would comfort her self, and find pleasure in Rage for the absence of so ingrate a Person; that without the knowledge of any one in the *Seraglio* she would be carried to his Lodging, and thence aboard the Vessel we were to Embark in; and that the *Bassa* sending for me to be gone, we might all three get aboard before any Discovery could be made of her departure. To give her content, I approved of what she said, but did really apprehend the success of this affair, and presage, I know not how, that I should be the sufferer. 'Tis a dangerous business to yield ones self up to the conduct of Lovers, in that which concerns the interest of their affections; they are apt to flatter themselves, to puff themselves up with hope, and admit of no fear. When the day began to appear in our Chamber, we thought

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it high time to set about and take order for what we thought necessary for accomplishing our desires. We got up, and the *Sultaneſs* having put on a Suit of mine, commanded me to call her one of the *Eunuchs*, who was Purveyor for *Alexander*, and ready to Sacrifice his Life for the Service of the *Sultaneſs*; she sent him for the basket wherein he used to carry the Provision, and placing her self in it, wrapt up in my *Barnus*, commanded him to carry her to *Alexander's* Lodging. I saw her go away in this manner, waiting with fear and impatience enough to hear the success of this contrivance of the *Sultaneſs*, and expecting every moment Orders from the *Bassa* for my going away. At last, the time of Embarking being over, and the *Sultaneſs* not returned, I was desirous to be informed how matters past, and understood with astonishment and displeasure enough, that *Alexander* was gone, and that the *Bassa*, having brought him to the Port, returned for *Bardou*. Then it was, Sir, I felt the stroke of my ill Fortune, in losing, not only the hope of returning to my Country, which might have given me some comfort, but of ever seeing the *Sultaneſs*, the Person of the World I had most kindness for, and one who rendered my Captivity pleasing. I could not doubt but her flight would be laid to my charge; but the consideration of a Life so unhappy as mine, had produced in me so clear resolutions for death, that, had you taken notice at your arrival, you could not observe any trouble in my countenance. And in good earnest the loss of my dear *Sultaneſs* afflicted me so, that the appearance of death could not have done more. They asked me oftentimes what was become of her? the answer I made, was,

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that I knew not : But having been long taken for her Confident, I was shrewdly suspected. As for the rest of her Servants, you might have read in their countenances, the trouble of their minds.

This is that, Sir, I had to say to you of the *Sultaneſs*; and if you think this Story may be of use to the *Baſſa*, and conduce to the procuring peace between him and the *Dey*, I should be very glad you would relate it to him, though I may appear guilty of having committed a crime against the one and the other. But they have prudence enough to be sensible of the condition of a poor Slave, whose happiness consisted in her complaisance to a Mistress, who loved her so well as to make her a confident in affairs of this consequence. The Turk made answer, that the *Baſſa* had so much kindness for her, and so little for the *Sultaneſs*, that he would easily pardon the Treason she was guilty of; and as for the *Dey*, he could not be much offended with her, for having done his Daughter so eminent a service, in assisting her in a piece of unfaithfulness to a Husband who (the *Dey* knows) had not any Love for her: and that he would make use of the particulars of this Story to reconcile them; that he would manage this business with some Friends of the *Divan*, and particularly with the *Aga*, the *Deys* Favourite, who had great influence over him, and though a Renegade, loved the Christians very well, and might do her some service. To these expressions he added a thousand assurances on his part, and civilities enough to oblige her extremely. This done, he withdrew, to avoid the suspicion her Guard might have of a longer discourse, it being already very late, but

promised

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promised to see her again on the morrow, and bring her News of all that past.

The *Bassa* being now at the Head of so many *Moors*, thought himself strong enough to take the Field, and as soon as it was day, marched down towards the Town, to favour the retreat of his Friends, and of the Souldiers who came flocking in to him; so that before noon he had an Army of *Moors* and *Turks* above ten thousand strong. The *Dey* used all diligence possible to arm his people, but found himself not strong enough that day to encounter the *Bassa*, whose Arms were already grown terrible to his Enemies, who from his just indignation against them apprehended a Siege. But his quarrel being chiefly to the *Dey*, and wanting Cannon to attack him in the Castle he was in, the *Bassa* was forced to wait the arrival of the Artillery he had sent for to the Port whereof he was Master.

In the mean time, having assembled the principal of his Friends, to make his complaint to them of the unjust proceedings of the *Dey*, and to demand their advice, he was not a little amazed to hear them all maintain, as the General of the Gallies; that it was his Wife was gone away with the Christian; and that *Laura* staid in the *Seraglio*; and that the *Dey* had reason enough for what he had done, in the belief he was in of the *Bassa's* intentions to make away his Daughter. The *Bassa*, who still fancied that they were abused, would not vouchsafe to contradict them, but calling in the Captain of his Guards, asked him before them, if he had not the day before spoken with the *Sultaneſs*. Poor *Aly* shivering for fear, fell down at his feet with his face to the ground, and

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confessed he had thought the *Bassa* had sent him to the *Seraglio*, on purpose to blind the world, and that it was desired he should justify before the General of the Gallies, he had seen the *Sultaneſs* there, but that in truth she was not there, and that he found only *Laura* weeping for the departure of her Mistress.

The *Bassa* for all this would not be perswaded, but said, he must see the Slave before he could believe it, having many Reasons to the contrary, when he received a Billet from the *Deys* Secretary to this purpose.

My Lord, *Mahomet Bassa* ; I know not whether it was your good Fortune or mine, that ordered the Dey's making choice of me to take away and guard your fair Slave ; but you may be assured she could not have fallen into better hands ; she wants for nothing, and you may believe, I hold neither my Estate nor my Life too dear to bestow in your service, and obliging of her. If in the mean time I may be allowed the liberty of giving you Counsel, I would advise you to endeavour the advantage and peace of your Countrey, rather than that War and Ruine which will be inevitable, unless you moderate your Passion. There is no Man more sensible than I of the injury they have done you ; but I am sensible also that the appearances, for which you are condemned, have misled the Dey ; and that the blame of the departure of your Wife ought to be charged only on your Wife. The rash Counsel of disaffected persons, which the Dey hath followed in this affair, hath put you both into this present disorder. God grant it proceed no further, and that we may not, to the scandal of other Nations, see our Countrey ruined by

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by those who have it in charge to maintain and preserve it. I hope both of you will be better advised, and waiting your Answer, I wish you all happiness.

Adieu.

Assen, Secret.

The *Bassa*, having read this Letter, could no longer doubt of the truth of the thing, knowing *Assen* to be a person of great Integrity, and his very good Friend. He was easily comforted for the loss of the *Sultaneſs*, and laugh'd at the adventure, and could not believe ſhe had had a deſign to follow the Chriſtian, if he had not given order to carry her aboard in the Basket. He was not much troubled at the miſtake he had been guilty of, and thought that in matters of Love, a Miſtreſs of at leaſt as good value as a Wife. He never ſuſpected any treachery in the Caſe, but was willing to know what reaſon could have reduced her to diſguiſe her ſelf in that manner, and go along with *Alexander*; yet he could not but think *Laura* of the Plot, but thought himſelf revenged of her, and her ſufficiently puniſhed, in having loſt at once her Lover, and the occaſion of her liberty, to pleaſure a Miſtreſs, who might become a Rival. He longed extreemly to ſee her, to know the whole buſineſs; and Love adding new flames to this curioſity, made him ſo impatient of delay, that how dangerous ſoever the enterprize might have been, he would have gone that very day to *Tunis*, if his preſence with the Army had not been abſolutely neceſſary, to receive thoſe who every moment came over to his party. He ſent his Friend this Answer.

Mr. Secretary, You have in your hands a Treasure, which if the Dey knew how much I value,

Seraglio; she knew not what to attribute so much goodness and complaisance to, and was a little troubled, out of an apprehension she had there might be some love in the case; for the Turk appeared so civil, so punctual, and so full of kindness, above the ordinary rate of those of his Country, that she had cause to think him rather a Lover of her, than a meer Friend of the *Bassa's*; yet had he not in a syllable transgressed the respect that was due to her, which pleased her the more, that she had no cause on that account to be angry with a Man who had done her so many good Offices. And the truth is, he acted only out of a principle of generosity, having been five or six years a Slave in *Italy* to a Patron who had used him very well; and therefore being of a generous nature, he held himself obliged to do the Christians good offices, as having for them a more than ordinary Love and Esteem.

As *Laura* was complaining of her ill Fortune, which threw her out of one mischance into another, he pray'd her to tell him how she was made a Slave. *Laura* was so much obliged to him, that the trouble she might expect in her self, upon a fresh relation of her misfortunes, could not hinder her from giving him that small satisfaction, in acknowledgment of the many services he had done her; so that having assured him there was nothing pleasant in the story of her life, yet to let him know the first rise of her misfortunes, she begun in this manner.

Sir, I was born at Genoa, and of one of the best Families of that Republick, but you shall excuse me, if I conceal the name: I will save my Family that shame, since my misfortunes can do it

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no credit. I was born in a prosperous and flourishing Estate, and my Parents having no other Child, I was bred with that care and expence I may rather call profuse than great. It was my misfortune that my Mother died when I was but 12 years old, and that my Father, though aged, married a young Lady more considerable for Birth than Estate; but my Father had sufficient to satisfy the ambition or pride of a Woman of quality. But these were not the Vanities my Mother-in-law was subject to, it was Love had the Ascendant over her. My Father was old, she was young and handsome, and he had cause to be jealous of her. He let her stir but very rarely out of her Lodging, and never but in his company, and then only to Church, or to make a visit to a Friend or Relation. But who can resist his fate? My Mother-in-law, little pleased with the severe hand my Father held over her, found her inclination to be unfaithful to him, increase more and more; nothing provokes desire more than restraint, and difficulties and straits are Sisters of invention; she made use of several to carry on some little intrigues in the Town, but all to no purpose; my Father, an old Master in Gallantry, was so cunning and mistrustful, that nothing could escape him. So that the kind Lady despairing of relief from abroad, was willing to try if she could find at home any means to satisfy her inclinations. She cast her eyes on a Man, of condition so mean, I dare not for her reputation let you know what it was, though otherwise very handsome, honest, and till then very faithful to my Father, who had more trust in him, than in any of his Domesticks: this acquaintance and familiarity so dishonourable for a Lady of her quality.

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lasted for some time without being discovered, till at last by ill fortune for them and for me, having laid me down to sleep on a bed of repose in my Mother-in-laws chamber, I was an eye-witness of their Infamy : they were not aware of me, my Maid having by chance covered me with a piece of Tapestry, laid usually on the bed. I saw them, and they me, with what surprize you may imagine. I was then 14 or 15 years old. Was he not a Slave, says the Turk? interrupting, with a tone full of joy and surprize. Yes, Sir, answer'd Laura (astonisht at the Question, which made her look earnestly on him) he was a Slave, and of Turkey. Ah Madam, cries the other, as soon as she had said so, is it possible you should not know Assen? and that you should be Madam Elinor? At this Laura was mute for some time, and then recollecting her self, Oh Heavens! is it you, my poor Assen, says she? By what good fortune have I met you here, and fallen in your hands? By the best fortune in the world both for you and me, says the Turk, ravished with joy to find himself in a condition to serve her, and being under the obligations I am to you, I should be the most ingrateful of men, if I imploy not my self in your service. I know you may accuse me on the account of your Mother-in-law, but what could a poor slave have done, tempted by the charms of a fair Lady, who offered him Money and Liberty when he pleased? You will confess, men are gain'd by less matters, and that if I committed a Crime in doing as I did, after the Confidence so good a Master as your Father reposed in me, and the bounty he shewed me, yet it is pardonable; at least I believe I have made some amends for my fault,

fault, in saving your Lives, which your Mother would have robbed both you and him of by poyson. But I had that influence over her Passion, that I diverted her from it. She made me a thousand promises, if I would put in Execution that horrible design; but because you are ignorant what followed that Adventure, I will tell you in few words.

Your sight of us, as you said, surpriz'd extremely both the one and the other; and in that desperate Passion your Mother-in-Law was then in, I know not what she would have done to have been rid of you. But, as I told you, I opposed her, and made her understand, that the course she propos'd, would certainly plunge us into irreparable Mischiefs, and doubtless, cost us both our Lives. That it were better to endeavour to gain you by fair means, in hopes that being very good natur'd, you would not pursue our destruction, by making your Father acquainted with that which would certainly be the cause of his Death, and bring him to his Grave. You cannot but remember I went alone with you out of the Chamber to perswade you. And that I told you, it concern'd the Honour of your House to keep the matter private, with several other reasons, with which you express'd your self convinced. At last, you promised me not to make any more noise of it, if your Mother-in-Law would, for the future, keep within the bounds of her Duty. I made a relation of all this to her, expecting that the experience of your discretion, so well-known in the Family, would have pass'd for current Security, for your keeping your word. But it could not secure her from strange inquietude and trouble of Mind. She could not see you without shame, nor come near

near your Father without trembling. She buzz'd instantly in my Ears, that there was a necessity of making you both a Sacrifice to her Repose; and that till then she could not expect any Pleasure in her Life. She told me, I must help her to effect the design, or expect to be the first that should feel the weight of her wrath. I endeavoured the best I could to reduce her to Reason, but for some time she would not hear any. At last, her ill humour desired only the satisfaction of your being put out of your Lodging, and was content to find out several pretences to perswade your Father to put you into a Nunnery, or at least out of his House. Notwithstanding all the Arts of her Complaisance and Cunning, she found it no easie matter to bring this about; but for the quiet of the House, it was necessary to please her, and place you under Pension in a Nunnery. Shortly after, whether it were that you had discovered the business, or that she fear'd you had done so, or rather that she was willing to be rid of me, by this Stratagem she came one Night to my Chamber, while your Father was asleep, and with a fright in her looks told me, I was undone, that my Master knew all, and that I had no more but that Night for to save my self. Whereupon she gave me Money, and seeing me resolved to be gone, bid me her last farewell. I kept, as you remember, the Keys of the House, and so got easily out. I had, for a Disguise, taken a black Suit of your Fathers, and as soon as it was day, and the Port open, I hired a Felucca, which carried me to Legorne, where I lay private three days, staying for a Vessel of the Great Dukes, which was to carry a Present to *Mahomet Bassa*, my Ancient Friend,

Friend, who made use of his Interest with the *Dey* to restore me my Estate, which since I was a Slave, had been Confiscated, upon a belief I was dead. But having fail'd of his desire, he procured me in recompence, the Secretaries place, which is no great matter here. This, Madam, is the account of my Life since I left *Italy*. You may oblige me in acquainting me with yours, which I could not come to the knowledge of, having never heard since from *Genoa*.

That which remains to be told you, says *Elmor* (whom we will yet call *Laura*) is a story full of troubles and misfortunes; the more difficult for me to relate, that a Person of Quality cannot but be ashamed of them. But I will be free with you.

Having spent two Years in the Convent I was placed in, my Father moved with many tears, took me home; where for the time I stayed there, I was under continual Persecution from my Mother-in-law; who having got the Ascendent over the good Man, made him believe what she pleased. She had new designs in her Head, which you may believe was the cause of the fear she put you in: for my Father never had the least knowledge of your familiarity, and was much troubled at your running away, declaring he had lost in you the best Servant he had. He had designed to have set you at Liberty, which was the reason he sent not after you, as he might have done. I was by this time become somewhat clear sighted, and what I knew of my Mother-in-law, made me suspect every thing she did: I watched her narrowly, and in few days discovered a new Gallant. You may believe, that after the mischiefs she had done

done me, I fail'd not to do her all the ill Offices in my power : it is the nature of our Sex never to Pardon. But besides the pleasure of Revenge, I was engaged in Honour against her. This rais'd a War between us more violent than ever, and my Father had trouble enough to content us both. At first she thought her self hard enough for me, having once already turn'd me out of the House, and afterwards sent you packing ; and putting on a bold face, fear'd nothing, as knowing I would not accuse her of any thing, but her impudence could bring her off, my Evidence being gone. But when she perceived by my obstructing her new practices, rallying her on all occasions, and other cutting effects of my resentment, that I understood her Secrets, she spared nothing that Rage and Fury could suggest to her against me. At last, she fell heavy upon me with my Father ; and having not prevail'd with him to return me into the Monastery, forced him to turn me again out of his House, and place me with his Relations ; where I pass'd six Months with one, and six Months with another, to the great displeasure of the Family. Till at last a Grandee of *Spain*, an old Friend of my Fathers, having been created Viceroy of *Naples*, and passing by *Genoa* to go and take Possession of his Government, my Father intreated him to take me along with him, which he readily did. The Viceroy and his Lady received and entertained me, not only as the Daughter of their intimate Friend, but as their own, and honoured me with such expressions of Civility and Bounty, that I thought my self too happy in being of their Train. And the truth is, I was not deceived ; these beginnings of kindness

ness growing every day to greater perfection, especially on the part of the Viceroy's Lady, who appeared not able to live a moment without me. She had been a great Beauty, and was not then unhandsome, though not very young. She kept nothing from me, but imparted to me her most private thoughts, and made me the Confident of her dearest affections. This lasted as long as I was disinterest'd, but there is no trusting one another of our Sex, especially in matters of Love. I was reputed not unhandsome, and having a full Purse at command, I lived at that Court with Splendor enough. It was presently known, I was not the most inconsiderable of *Genoa*, and this advantage set off with a little Beauty, rais'd so great a number of Pretenders to me, that I could not pass a day without treats and addresses of Love. The Court of *Naples* hath always pass'd for the most Gallant of *Italy*, by reason of the multitude of Persons of Quality in the Kingdom, but was never so pleasant as then. I was so young that I knew not what Love was, and was not concerned to make haste to learn it, but made the Cares and Sighs of those in Love, my sport and divertisement. But Love will in time be revenged, and make sport of us that make sport of him. I had not yet seen the man who had the secret to affect my heart, no not one who could please, though that Court had of all sorts, and some very handsome. The Son of the Viceroy, being a young Lord very well accomplished, and not a little concerned for me, did but give me trouble. But as I hinted before, I pay'd dear for that indifference and those slights I gloried so much in. Five or six months after our arrival at *Naples*, there appear-

ed at Court a young Gentleman, whom Love seems to have raised up for my ruin. It was the Marquess *Hippolito* of the House of *Accelyn*, equally considerable for his good parts as his Birth; a Youth whose outside was taking enough to charm at first sight, but as traiterous and wicked within, as he was outwardly handsome and well accomplished. When you have heard out my story, you will say I speak with too much moderation. It is hard to hate what we have been once truly in Love with. In spite of that unpardonable outrage he did me, I find that if I saw him, and had it in my power to take my revenge of him by death, which he hath but too well deserved, my resentment would give place to the inclination I had for him. He was newly come from *France*, and had got the Court-air, so peculiar and natural to those of quality of that Nation. I was extremely pleased to see him, and looked upon him with delight, the first time he appeared at Court; and was sensible of it, though with shame and anger at my self. From thenceforth he was constantly in my thoughts, though very troublesome to me. I was displeased with my self for it, and would upon any terms have put him out of my mind, but the more I endeavoured it, the more I found him settled there. I saw him several times after, and to end the War within me would fain have perswaded my self, it was not for my honour to entertain such thoughts of that Gentleman; but I found in the end my ingenuity deceived me. That which contributed most to my ruin, that both by his looks and his actions he seemed to prefer me before all the Ladies of the Court, and though he did not declare

clare so much, yet I could observe he had more than an ordinary respect for me, and would now and then say to my self some things I fancied he might and would have said to me. At last I made my self of his Party, and blaming my past coyness, I thought it very allowable and just, to have some esteem for a man who merited it from all the World: Having once entertained this thought, and convinced of it as reasonable, my passion and Love finding my heart already more than half open, press'd in and absolutely took it. The *Viceroy's* Lady, who often diverted her self in entertaining me with all the Intrigues of the Court, having one day told me several Stories, asked me if I knew the Marquess *Hippolito's* Mistress; for that, for some days past, she observed him very solitary and out of humour, which she took for an effect of some inclination. Had she look'd upon me when she asked me the question, she might have read in my countenance how much I was concerned; for I chang'd colour three or four times. But being upon the Terrass of the Palace on the Country side, she was looking that way, and took no notice of me; so that having time to recover my self, I answered with an affected coldness, that he was a dull young fellow, and I believed incapable of Love: and thereupon out of Jealousie her question had raised in me, I made a description of him as really unlike him, as contrary to the thoughts I had of him. The *Viceroy's* Lady fell a laughing, and having looked upon me so, as she believed, would have put me out of countenance; is it possible, says she, that you should think so of a man whom all the other Ladies esteem the handsomest of the Court? If I

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were not very well perswaded of your indifference for all men, I should believe of you quite contrary to what you say. But look to your self, for sooner or later you will be met with, and your insensible heart shall have her turn as well as others. As for me, I confess, were I as you, that young Gentleman would please me, and I would not have you slight him: Think of it, he is a Person of merit and worth, and wants nothing of what may justly deserve Love from a fair Lady as you are. Who would not have believed but she spoke in good earnest? Who could have mistrusted her after so many kindnesses and favours she daily laid out on me? I know not whether I was to blame, but must confess I yielded my self to be taken, and was ready to unsay in her presence all that I had spoken against the Marquess *Hippolito*, and to acknowledge I had prevented her in the thoughts she had been pleased to inspire into me of him, but my modesty restrained me. I thought my self concerned in honour, to expect an Address from him, before I would confess my self taken. I could never discover perfectly this Ladies design, but as far as I can guess by the consequence, she question'd me of pure jealousy, endeavouring to discover whether I had any affection for the Marquess. She had often seen us talk together; judging by her thoughts of him, that it was hard enough for a Lady to be acquainted with a Gentleman of so many charming Qualities, without loving him; she had doubtless some apprehension I had on his account ceas'd to be insensible. But finding by what I said, that I continued indifferent, her jealousy giving place to Love-policy, she desired to settle some friendship

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between him and me, to serve her for a pretence to see him as oft as she desired. At least I am of opinion these were the reasons obliged her to speak of me as she did, and to tell me, if ever I meant to love, I could not make a better choice. I stood out stiffly to the end, telling her, my Liberty was so precious, that I would not part with it for any consideration in the World, if the keeping depended wholly on me: But because those of my condition were not born to enjoy it all their Life; whatever I endured, I would be guided by my Friends, and absolutely obey their pleasure who had the right to dispose of me. Hereupon she embraced me, and said, all the Maids of the World would be wise, were they of my humour, and followed my example. In the mean time, since I was resolved not to slight the Counsel of Friends, it was her advice I should admit the Marquis *Hippolito* to see me sometimes. But Madam, said I, interrupting her, hath he desired leave to do it, and is it at his request you make me the motion? She answered, saying, that I need not trouble my self for that, but might believe this overture came not altogether from her; and that the Marquis had found me out as well as others. You may imagine what a pleasure she did me, in telling me this, who desired nothing more than the love of that Gentleman.

This discourse being over, we parted extremely mistaken in our thoughts of one another. She imagin'd I was still the same, and altogether insensible of love; and I thought she had spoken as a Friend, and really desired to see me in love with the Marquis: We began to have the young Lords Company, after the particular kindness be-

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tween him and *Don Alphonso*, Son to the Viceroy, gave him free entrance where he pleased; and the Viceroy having no small esteem for the Marquess, was not only glad to see him at Court, but ingaged him by his Civilities to come to him oftner. I shall forbear mentioning what the Lady contributed on her part; but you may believe it very probable, that having the kindness she had for him, she omitted nothing in her power to further these Visits. At first he was altogether for me, at least in appearance; for several days he wanted nothing of diligence or complaisance to please me. Where-ever I went he still waited upon me, approved all that I said, and took my part on all occasions. In a word, he practised all that may be done, for gaining a Mistress; and was presently looked upon in Court as a new Servant of mine. Many of my Friends congratulated my Conquest, and I could not but laugh at them. Not but that I believed it, being easily perswaded to credit what I so much desired, but that I was afraid to believe it so soon, and was unwilling it should be known, to avoid the shame that might attend a mistake. He had not as then spoke to me of Love; and the least I could do, was to expect he should declare himself. A Lover of so much Wit as the Marquess, could not fail of finding an occasion. But I know not whether fortune befriended him so ill, as not to afford him one. However, 'tis certain he never took any to discover his Passion by Speech: All that I knew of it, was from his looks and his sighs, which perhaps my kindness interpreted too favourably. Men being now accustomed to a general Gallantry, that in shew and appearance, both their words and their

actions speak altogether of Love. These promising blossoms of an apparent affection, were all blasted on the sudden. I was surpriz'd at it to astonishment, to see him so far advanced to make so sudden a stop, at a time *I* least expected it, and prepared my self to give occasion to discover his affection, which *I* fear'd his respect for me, or his fear to displease me, had hindred from doing. *I* could not imagine the cause of so sudden a change; for three whole days he absented from the Court, and when he appeared there, he looked like a man so cold, so altered, as if he durst not cast an eye upon me, whereas before he was jovial and complaisant, and his eye never off me, you cannot easily imagine how terribly this vext me. *I* was upon the point of asking him the reason, and had certainly done it, but that *I* was over-rul'd by a little haughtiness and pride, which making me look on his inconstant proceeding, as an effect of manifest Treachery, inspired me with scorn and aversion against him; which however *I* smarted for in the end: for two whole days *I* did nothing but weep and complain of Love and my own wickedness. The Viceroy's Lady observing me sad and dejected, though *I* did all in my power to hide part of my trouble, asked me what *I* did ail, which probably she knew but too well, but was willing to have the pleasure of hearing what *I* would say, *I*, who till then had not the least reason to distrust her, made no scruple of telling her in plain terms the cause of my grief, and told her, she had more than any contributed thereto. This made her blush, and comprehending on the sudden what *I* meant, but thinking without doubt *I* had discovered her secret. But *I* fell unhappily
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to explaining my self, and seriously confess'd to her, that what she had said to me of the Marquess *Hipolito*, had produced in me some disposition of kindness for him, which cost me then very dear, having been very confident she would not have deceived me, but that the Marquess had now deceived us both. I must confess, says the Traytreſs, I was willing to conceal from you the inconstancy and change of a foolish young flash, and did design not to speak to you any more of him, not thinking you could be much concerned for him after what I had heard you say of him. But since you are aware of his inconstancy, and so much concern'd at it, I must tell you, that to my grief as much as yours, I have discovered he is otherwise engaged. She perceived me blush extreamly at that word, and in truth I was so disordered within, it was impossible to hide my despair. Otherwise engaged! Madam, said I, sighing: Yes, answered she, to a new Mistress very lately. Judge you, continued she, what I said to him on that occasion, and whether he did deserve to be reproached, having exprest so much passion for you, that I thought it impossible a man could have been more deeply in Love. Oh Heavens, cry'd she, how deceitful are men now adays! He excused himself by the Friendship he hath for my Son; that to be his Rival, were to betray him, and that the confidence he had in him, in acquainting him at his arrival, with his affection for you, obliged him to make a Sacrifice of his heart, to serve my Son's interest. Sorry excuses, I confess, says she, but how can we help it? 'Tis a mercy however, he knows not the favourable inclination you have for him, for which he is unhappily beholding

beholding to me, as the cause of your kindness. He should never have known these worthy inclinations, reply'd *I*: I never discovered them to any but your self Madam, for whom I had no reserve, and I hope you have not told him. Think not, says she, I could so far forget my self: though I were not so much your Friend as you know I am; I know very well with what caution to manage their concerns, who repose a confidence in me. Then I asked her trembling, whether she knew the fair Lady had robbed us of him, That, says she, I cannot learn of him, but I will endeavour to discover it by my Son, who without question knows who she is; leave that to me and I will bring you news of her as soon as I can discover her.

Thus did my Rival triumph and laugh at me. I must confess I was a very Fool, in that I had not then more wit, than to trust any Woman; but it was the confidence I had in her, that blinded me. Yet when I call to mind a thousand things then spoken and done, I cannot but wonder, I who had seen so much of the world, could not make discovery of the treachery they acted against me. I did nothing but torment my self night and day, and avoided all occasions of being with the Marquess, for fear my weakness should to my disgrace prevail over my resolutions. I saw him entertain himself commonly with the Viceroy's Lady, and asking her one day, what it was they discoursed of; and whether she had discovered the secret I was so desirous to know; she answered me, no, but that I should not trouble my self, for the Marquess would come to me again; and that she studied how to bring it about. I was vext at this, and told her I did not desire it: that she might

might do her pleasure, but that *I* desired to be unconcerned. And the truth is, the pains *I* endured, would, *I* believe, by degrees have made me insensible, and cured me at last. But on a day the Viceroy treated us in the Garden, *I* quitted the Company, and walking aside to muse in a dark and solitary place, *I* met with the Marquess. *I* thought it an effect of the Ladies care, and that she had made use of this occasion to reconcile us. *I* know not whether he took the haughtiness and seriousness of the Looks *I* entertain'd him with for an ill Omen, or not ; but sure *I* am, he trembled as he approached me, and with a very settled tone, told me, it was very strange to see a person of my Humour finding out so solitary a Walk, there being so much good company in the Garden : it had been, said he, excusable in any other, as an effect of some amorous thoughts ; but for you, Madam — for me, replied *I*, interrupting him, and who hath told you but *I* may have been led hither by Love ? Ah Madam, answered he, we know you too well to entertain any such suspicion ; and *I* am sure, if you can love any thing, it must be only your self. 'Tis well, replied *I*, if it be true as you say, that *I* love nothing at all ; but as for what you reproach me with, 'tis reported you are not altogether indifferent : there is some ground for the report, Madam, indifference being a Quality *I* never stood much upon, especially towards you of all the people in the World. What not towards me ? replied *I*, when you knew me insensible. 'Tis true, Madam, answered he, *I* was told so, but submitted however to the destiny of those many unfortunate Lovers, you have made such in this Court. In matter of

affection, said I, we are not to be led by example; some have more merit, or at least better Fortune than others; we are sensible towards some, when we are not so towards others: One person shall please, without knowing wherefore, amongst an infinite of others who shall not have that advantage, though equally handsome. In a word, every one hath his lucky moment: you may believe I could not have said all this without blushing. The Marquess having heard me with such attention, as clearly discovered him surpriz'd at my discourse, was just going to answer me, when the Viceroy's Lady, who would never with her good will have us both out of her sight, unhappily interrupted us, and surprizing us on the sudden, said, I dare lay a good wager you were, speaking of Love: 'tis true, answered I smiling we were discoursing of a very pleasant question, occasioned by being reproached by the Marquess for my insensibility. He hath reason, Madam, replied the Lady, to prevent an answer from the Marquess; he who is so deeply in Love, may justly reproach you: if you know it not, I can assure you of it, and will in time tell you more. I thought, said I, we had not been so great strangers, but I might have known it from himself, without being obliged to another for the News, and if we two were alone, I know how I would quarrel with him for it. All this was spoken with an air of raillery, which wrought very effectually on the inclinations of the Marquess, which the Lady discoursed of; I applied to my self, imagining what she spoke of it, was done for my honour, and to engage me to an obliging answer, which I gave. She presently

sently fell into other discourse, and led us insensibly towards the Company.

On the morrow, the Marquess having mused all night on what *I* had said, found me alone looking out at a window of the Palace, and falling insensibly on the discourse of the day before, asked me, though *I* had no inclination to love, whether *I* would be displeased at one who loved me with the greatest passion in the World: *I* answered, there were but few *I* would allow that liberty to; and that in the whole Kingdom *I* knew but one *I* could permit to use that privilege. *I* believe he could not but understand *I* meant him, and my looks did but too much confirm him in the opinion; he, though he observ'd it, would not take notice of it. *I* know, Madam, says he, it is extreamly imprudent to propose a Person of a meaner rank than yours, or one of small merit, or not Master of Qualities worthy your esteem; but the Person *I* speak of, is beyond all exception. Finding him take a course so contrary to what *I* expected, *I* had not patience to permit him to make an end, having ground enough to believe, it was not for himself he made this Declaration; and interrupting him briskly, A Lover, said *I*, (blushing with anger and shame) perhaps would not displease, provided he were like the Marquess *Hippolito*; any other may come too late. *I* had scarce spoken these words, but *I* repented me of them, and unwilling to hear any more in the confusion the torrent of my Passion had put me in, *I* withdrew, Oh Heavens! cry'd he, running after to stay me, How unfortunate am *I*? Unfortunate, said *I*, turning toward him: Is the esteem *I* have for you

a means to make you unfortunate? Yes, Madam, replied he with a sigh; that precious and charming esteem, I was made believe, could never be gain'd, which I would have purchas'd with all I have dear in the World——He stopped there. Well, said I, what of that esteem? Ah Madam, answered he, they have made me renounce it. I had no sooner heard these words, but I went on my way, having given him some looks full of indignation; but seeing him follow me, and not able for very grief to speak to him, I made signs to him with my hand, that he should come no further. It is beyond imagination what a desperate condition I was in that night: Rage, shame, spite, fury, repentance; in a word, all the Vexations of a Lover, mock'd, betrayed, assaulted me by turns. I fell so sick, that for many days I kept my Bed; however I resolv'd to speak to him once more, to know who had caus'd him to renounce my esteem, as he had told me. I presently fancied it was *Don Alphonso*; but was very desirous to learn how the matter had been managed, and expected every day to see him with his Friend, or with the Viceroy's Lady, and that I should find an opportunity to speak to him of it. In the mean time he came not to my Chamber, though all the Court did me that honour, for the short time I continued indisposed: this surpriz'd me extreamly, and hearing one day he was in my Anti-chamber, I sent *Clarice* my Servant to desire him to come and see me, having something to say to him. He would have come instantly, as the Maid brought me word; but the Viceroy's Lady, with whom he was discoursing, stay'd him: at which I was not a little astonish'd; but much more,

more, when soon after I saw him come in, in the company of that Lady. He looked very pale, and his countenance much altered, which contributed not a little to allay my bitterness against him, though I had small reason to think my self concerned in honour of that change that appeared in his looks. You see, Madam, said I to the Lady at their entrance, this Gentleman must be sent for, if we desire the pleasure of his Company. These are favours, continued I, not usual with me, and such as I would not by any means have done him, while it was in my power to have any esteem for him. But since he hath told me, they have made him renounce my esteem, you may believe, Madam, I am not much disposed to have any esteem for him; and that what I now do, proceeds not from any such cause. 'Tis true, answered the Lady, he does not deserve your esteem, but you must pardon his Youth. I will pardon him, replied I, on condition he will tell me who had the power over his Heart or Wit, to make slight of an esteem not altogether unworthy a Gentleman of his Quality; and 'tis for that purpose I have sent for him hither. He stood mute; so that turning my Head towards the Lady, to ask her the reason of his silence, I was again surpriz'd to find the Lady in greater disorder than he. I was just speaking to him again, when I saw him rise to tell me, with trouble in his face; I will satisfy you, Madam, in that particular, but intreat you let me take a fitter time. A fitter time, said I, and why not now? Is it my Lady that hinders you? You know I conceal nothing from her. Ah, if it be I, said the Lady, I will withdraw to leave you at liberty; and with that she retired towards

towards a Window, in far greater disorder than if she had been angry. This made me more curious than ever to hear what the Marquess would say to me. Yet he declared himself no further, but reaching forth his hand towards me, he shewed me a Billet, which *I* would not have received on any other occasion; but in this Conjunction *I* made no scruple of it, believing *I* should find in it the Secret *I* longed for: Hereupon he withdrew without saying a word. And the Lady returning towards me; Well, Madam, said she, how comes it he is gone, without naming to you the Person you have so much cause to hate? *I* must tell you, 'tis *I*, and that will surprize you. It really did so, the word she had spoken having astonish'd me, *I* could scarce make her an answer: You must know then, continued she, that having told me he had been obliged on the account of my Son to change his thoughts of you, and engage himself to another Beauty; *I* pressed him for your sake to tell me who it was; and after a long refusal, he had the insolence to tell me, 'twas *I*. You may imagine how *I* used him on such an occasion: However, *I* was of Opinion, that a little more than ordinary complaisance *I* had express'd for him, had given him that Confidence. But finding him sensible of his error, *I* was a little better pacified, and let him see he was mistaken on all hands. That he should not have quitted the design of serving you, being unquestionably the best deserving in this Court of Passion and esteem of a Person of his Quality, and that he was very ill advised to make addressees to me, who was neither for Gallant, nor Gallantry. *I* was no stranger to the Character of this Lady,
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and knew very well what she said was quite contrary to the inclinations of her temper. And having had leisure while she spoke, to recover myself from the astonishment she had cast me in at the beginning of this Discourse, and to observe the alteration of her Countenance, I made no doubt of her perfidiousness. This, Madam, said I very seriously, was to engage further in my concerns than I deserved, and in truth than I desired. You had formerly told me, this young Gentleman would have pleased you, had you been as I; and since he preferred you before me, it was too much for you to part with him for my sake. I did, says she, but what I ought both for you and myself. This, Madam, replied I, is a piece of more than ordinary Friendship; and I question very much, whether among the best Friends of our Sex, the pleasure of being beloved by a Person whom all the Ladies of the Court own to be the handsomest and best accomplish'd in *Naples*, would not prevail over their Friendship, and make it appear that one Woman seldom scruples to be treacherous to another in cases of this Nature. But, Madam, methinks what you now say, is somewhat contrary to what you formerly told me of the Passion of the Marquess then wholly for me. I thought so then, I confess, said she, but I was mistaken. And is it not possible, you should be now also mistaken, answer'd I, for I have some reason to doubt it. You do but deceive your self, replied she. Well, Madam, said I with some heat, let us try which of us is deceived; peradventure it will appear in this Billet I received from him. Whereupon I fell to the opening of it. The Lady much surpriz'd, asked me, if it came from

from the Marquess. I told her, it did ; and that nothing but the curiosity I had to clear this Affair, could have prevail'd with me to take it from him. Alas, says she, what assurance can that give you of the inclinations of a Man who changes them every moment ; and will, it may be, tell you the same he hath told me already. I was in such haste to open the Letter, that I made her no answer, but fell to reading it, being to this purpose.

How great an unhappyness is it, Madam, in matter of Affection, and great trouble of Heart, to follow other Counsels than those of our Passion ! Never was Person so deeply in Love, as I was with you, from the day I first had the happiness to see you. And I may very well affirm, I continue so still, notwithstanding the many Oaths I have been forced to the contrary. But some Persons, whom I had not the least cause to suspect of design, having taken the pains to represent your humour so haughty and insensible, that I almost despair of gaining your esteem, I was obliged to address my self to some more indulgent Beauty ; not out of inconstancy, but to cure my self of a Passion, the consequence whereof I extremely apprehend. Those who advised me to it, were so kind as to condescend to serve me in it. And the truth is, their Compliance was such, being Persons of Quality, that had not I desired their Assistance, I could not have refused it. But, Madam, there are some evils for which there is no Remedy. That which your Eyes have done me is of this nature. If I have committed a fault, in entertaining thoughts of breaking my Chains, I smart for it more cruelly than you can desire. I know not to what extremity my grief would drive me for the time I have lost, were it not for the hope I have

to redeem it. Be pleased, Madam, to give me leave to wait upon you with more Love than ever, and by serious Repentance to deface those ill impressions my error have wrought on you, concerning the constancy of my Affection. For should you be more haughty and insensible than you have been represented, yet I am resolved to die altogether yours.

Hippolito.

Ah, Traytor, cry'd the Viceroy's Lady, as soon as I had done reading the Billet, is it possible he should have the Confidence to justify the most visible inconstancy man was ever guilty of, and to accuse others of it? Madam, said I without any Passion, 'tis fit we should hear him speak for himself; and if you please to stay, we will send for him, and see how he will defend himself against you. Alas, says she, what should I stay for? I am not otherwise concerned than on your account. You may now do as you please, but if you will be advised by me, see him no more. That must not be, Madam, replied I, though it were but to know who they are he speaks of in the Billet; I must see him once more, and then I shall understand what measures to take. I had hardly done speaking, but the Marquess came in. He thought without doubt the Viceroy's Lady would not have favoured me so long with her company, after he had been gone; and the impatience he had to know how I took what he wrote in the Billet, or perhaps to tell me what made me so earnest to be informed of, made him presently return. He was not a little surprized to find us together. He was just stepping back to be gone, but

but *I* prayed him to come in. The Viceroy's Lady seeing him, and confounded at the sight of him, or for fear *I* would put him upon making the discovery before her, as *I* had certainly done in the condition things were in, stood up, and taking him by the hand, turning towards me : *I* have something (said she) to tell him; after which you may satisfy your self. This action of hers moved more my pity than my jealousy. *I* know very well she was not a Woman of the best conduct in the World, but *I* should never have imagined her Passion could have carried her so far (after all she had said to me) as to make her give in my presence such an instance of her weakness. *I* let them go without saying a word to one or other, but expected to see the Marquess again, and assured my self of very pleasant divertisement by what he should tell me of the Lady : But he came not at all that day, which anger'd me not a little. On the morrow *I* perfectly recovered. My malady was a pure effect of jealousy and vexation, and when *I* knew how matters stood, *I* was soon cured of both : Not but that *I* had reason to fear the Viceroy's Lady. But the sorry course *I* saw her take, and her pitiful conduct, secured me from the apprehension of any harm she could do me : *I* was well enough to appear at Court, but hearing there was a Ball at night, *I* resolved to be sick one day more, that *I* might steal at night in *Masquerade* to the Ball, and there speak with the Marquess. My design took not, for he came not thither all the while *I* stay'd. But by reason of my going to and fro to seek him out, the Viceroy's Lady knew me, and being Alarm'd at my Disguise, followed me to
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The Happy Slave.

my Chamber, where I was amazed to see her, and could not believe it was she. Well, and what News of the Marquess, said she? I must know that of you, Madam, answered I, for I have not seen him since yesterday, when you denied me the pleasure to discourse him one moment in a business you and I were sufficiently concern'd to be satisfied in. I believe, reply'd she, you are not now to seek for satisfaction. How can that be, reply'd I, when I have not spoken with him ever since. It is reported however answer'd she, you were this evening together in Masquerade. Those, said I, who report it, are very much mistaken; but I must beg your pardon, Madam, if I tell you there is not any one but you capable of such a mistake. I know what becomes me, and there are but few who make a doubt of it: Persons of my Honour are seldom guilty of such faults. The Viceroy's lady having a desire to vex and fall out with me, never gave over till I had told her part of my mind, and let her understand I was not to be stol'd by her. The truths I told her, maddened her to that degree, that she broke out into expressions so cruelly offensive, I could not forbear crying, and unwilling she should have the pleasure to see the Tears run down my Cheeks, I rose up to retire into my Closet. What, says she, I interrupt your Meditations in the Charms of your dear Marquess, is not that the cause of your withdrawing? Or rather, continued she, to provoke me yet more, are you going to seek him in your Closet where you have hid him? That which you say, Madam, doth so little become you, that nothing but extream madness could have made you think so unworthy of me; but I see what pleads

I your

The Happy Slave.

your excuse. What, reply'd she, I hope I have no great reason to trust her that will not trust me. And the right I have to over-see and regulate your Conduct gives me the privilege to visit any place I suspect. With that she took up a Flambeau that lay lighted on my Table, and went up towards my Closet: I looked upon her with that slight indifference as wholly unconcern'd at her Action, which angered her more than any thing I could have said to her. I do not yet know what was her design; for she knew me too well to have the least suspicion of what she charged me with, but it seems she was resolv'd to try me to the utmost, and be reveng'd of me that way. In the meantime, by very ill Fortune for me, the Marquis was in the Closet, and she was the first that discovered him; she shrieked out with the surprise of it, which made me turn about that way, and put me into such a fright, that together with the displeasure that accident gave me, cast me into a swoon, and made me fall as dead upon the Bed near which I then stood. The Marquis, sensible with true or feigned grief for his being the cause of so unhappy an accident, begged my pardon on his Knees with Tears in his Eyes. What the Lady said to this I know not, but one of my Chamber-Maids, who came to help me, told me she saw her go out so angry, that fire seemed to sparkle out of her Eyes. When I was come to my self, I saw her not, but the Marquis kneeling before me with a countenance so sad and so dejected, melted me into pity, and eased me of more than half of my anger. What have you done, Sir, said I? you have utterly ruined me. Go and leave me no more but at seasonable Hours, and whenever

every

any body might see me; after which, though I
was very well pleased with his Company, I pray'd
him to withdraw, to prevent further occasion of
discourse.

I am sensible, dear *Affen*, I spend too much
time in relating particulars so inconsiderable, and
abuse your Patience in entertaining you with such
trifles. But this having been the best of my time
at that Court, and best part of my story, you will
excuse the difficulty I find in my self to come to
the relation of Accidents so shameful for me, that
the memory of them is more terrible than Death.
She having answered, that all she had said was
very material; and that he thought himself equal-
ly concerned in the smallest Circumstances of her
life, as well as the greatest, she proceeded in this
manner.

The Viceroy's Lady having fallen out with me,
and finding reason enough of difference with the
Marquess, who in spite of her visited me often,
may believe she past her time very melancholy
and sad. The first time the Marquess came to
see me, I insisted, that if he designed to please me,
he should begin to do it by telling me in particu-
lar all the kindness and caresses past between the
Viceroy's Lady and him. But he intreated me
with so much Ingenuity, not to make use of the
power I had over him, to oblige him to a thing
of self mean, that his Discretion prevailed over my
curiosity, and made me esteem him the better for
it, though however he let me know 'twas of her he spoke
than the Biller, as I had easily guess'd. The discon-
tented Lady, who could not but be concern'd for
me, was willing to seek Peace, and having found a
pretence for it, sent me word by one of her
servants

Women, that I might do her a pleasure if I would give her a Visit, which I fail'd not to do. She received me chearfully, and with smiles in her Countenance, she being an Excellent Mistress of the Art of Dissembling, after some Civilities shewed me, she brought me to the Closet, where beginning her Discourse with a very great sigh, Well, my dear *Elenor*, said she, are you still angry with me? I am heartily sorry, Madam, said I, that you gave me cause, who never deserved it. Come, let us agree, said she, to say nothing of what is past, and give me leave to let you see I am your Friend. It is that I desired, Madam, reply'd I; and the Honour I have always had for you, must needs make you believe your Friendship very precious and dear to me. 'Tis enough, said she; come tell me presently, if there were a proposal of Marriage between the Marquess and you; do you love him so well, as not to refuse him? Such a Proposal from her appeared very suspicious, and seeing me laugh, as one who would not be caught in that Trap, I do not speak to you now (continued she, as a Rival) as you have believed me to be, and perhaps (added she smiling) I have formerly been; but as your true and sincere Friend I tell you, that if you desire to Marry the Marquess, it shall be your fault if it be not done; with this she shewed me a Letter from the Viceroy to my Father, written to that purpose at the request of the Marquess, and said, your Father hath so much respect for my Husband, that there is no doubt but it will take effect; the Marquess having desired my leave to speak of it to the Viceroy, and finding by the Character of the Letter, they endeavoured in good earnest to unite me to

who was furnish'd with all I could wish, as for a settlement, as to please my affection; was ravish'd with Joy, but let it appear as much as I could, mistrusting my Fortune, especially being in the hands of a Person who would surely repent it, before it could be effected. I asked her with the most acknowledging and affectionate expressions I could invent; and there fell so many Caresses on the one side and on the other, that you would have thought we had never been so great Friends before. At my return I found the Marquess in my Chamber, where he waited to bring me this pleasing News, with a Countenance full of Joy; and that the Marquess had given him free liberty to visit me. I told him I had heard all this from a Person I could not easily guess, and in truth it was very credible it should be the *Viceroy's* Lady. I told him it was she, and related all our Dispute. The Liberty granted the Marquess to visit me when he pleased, having heightned the affection I had one for another, degenerated by degrees into a kind and tender familiarity. He took a more upon him than had been allowed him, more indeed than I ought to have permitted. But 'tis hard for one in Love, to deeply resist. I was, to be proof against the Amorous assaults of a Man she expects to be her Husband on the morrow. At first I made resistance enough, and would not so much as give him my hand to kiss; but Love blinds so, that he doth insensibly lead us on, and accustom us to things we never durst think of. After the first blush, the rest follows of course. We expected with equal impatience my

Fathers answer. We were already mutually engaged, so that if his answer should not have proved favourable, we were resolved to complete our happiness: Such engagements given to save Maids Honour, are but snares Love lays for Virtue. The Marquess, as all true Lovers, being impatiently earnest for the possession of a Person as well as Affection, whereof he was assured and fearing cross Accidents that might hinder Bliss, let me know, amongst some little favours allowed him to take, that he was very desirous to obtain of my gift what I had forbid him to have without my Fathers consent; and that if I loved him, I would make it appear in obliging him in that particular. I made as if I did not understand him, but by degrees he spoke so intelligibly, that I was under the necessity of being very angry with him, or of defending my self with Arguments. Finding it impossible to be angry with a Man loved, I fell to Disputing, but he was too hard for me. And certainly, in matters of Love, a Maid that comes to reasoning, is in danger of being lost. However our combat lasted long enough to make me fancy I had satisfied my humour; but at last I must yield. I thought there needed no so much caution, with a person who had given the *Viceroy* his word that he would marry me, and assured me, (as I believed) by a thousand Oaths, that he would make me his Wife. He was to come to me in my Chamber at night, and after all should be in bed; and because my Chamber was near that of the *Viceroy's* Ladies, where I had liberty of entrance at my pleasure, I told him I would leave the door open, and pray'd him not to make a noise, or speak a word, lest the Ladies should

should hear us. You see, *Assen*, I conceal nothing from you ; though I might alledge many reasons in excuse of my fault. I cannot tell you all this without blushing ; for I must confess had I been more wise, or more prudent, I could not have been so unfortunate as I am. The *Viceroy* was gone that day out of Town ; all things seemed to favour us, but it was for my ruin. The hour was come, and I heard a man entring softly into my Chamber, for there was no light to see him by, and I easily believed it was my dear Servant. I received him with the kindness of a Woman in Love, and made no doubt but it was he ; for he had the same imbroider'd Waistcoat, which he had caused to be made against our Wedding, being one of the richest ever seen in the Court. Part of the night we pass'd in an amorous silence, till at last he fell asleep. As for me, I found my self a little indisposed, and wanting a light to find something to take, I ventured to go into the Ladies Chamber, which commonly had a watch-light burning all night. Having opened the door from my Chamber to hers, I was not a little surprized, when approaching the watch-light, and casting my eyes towards her to see if she were a-sleep, the Curtains being all open because of the hot weather, I saw a man in his cloaths lying by her. I doubted very much whether it were best to go back whence I came, or take away the watch-light ; but the need I had of this prevail'd with me to go on, and light the candle I had in my hand ; and having seen so much, I was possess'd with a Spirit of curiosity to know who that fortunate Gallant might be ; I perceived him in the habit of Marquess *Hippolito*.

I was surpriz'd at the adventure, and had I not been fully perswaded I had newly left him in my Chamber, I do not know what extravagances I might have run into. However this Circumstance inflamed my desire of knowing who it was. I perceived he was of the same stature with the Marquess, and had the same hair; the Ladies arm was over his face, so that I could not see it. I was at the beds feet, and could not be mistaken; I trembled all over, as an Omen of my misfortune. Heavens! said I within my self, am I awake or asleep? is not that the Marquess? could he quit me this night to come to this Lady? perhaps they held correspondence together, and she knew he was to pass this night with me. All these Reflections were made in a moment, and the next moment after that, I came into my own Chamber, to find out the truth. But how was I astonish'd to find the Marquess there too? Oh Heavens! cry'd I, which of the two is the counterfeit? And drawing near him in my Chamber, I perceiv'd by the colour of his Hair, how unhappily I was deceived, and that it was *Don Alphonso* was there. What a Fury, what Rage did this put me in? I seiz'd the Ponyard he had laid on my Table, and not knowing with which of the three to begin, being all equally perfidious, I thought the Marquess as most criminal, was first to be sacrificed to my just revenge, for fear of an Escape. So that I went into the other Chamber; but the noise that I made, having awaked *Don Alphonso*, he was amazed to see a Light, and perceiving me enter his Mothers Chamber, he got up in a trice, and frightned at the sight of the Ponyard in my Hand, he ran after me, and laid hold

hold on me by the Arm, just as I was going to stab that Traytor the Marquess; but he was also sufficiently surpriz'd to see me lifting up my hand to kill the Marquess, lying by his Mothers side. He was enrag'd at the sight, and to wash away the stain of his Family with the blood of the Traitor, was ready to execute that vengeance he had hindred me to take; but I staid him, and throwing my self upon him, Traitor, said I, this blow was not reserv'd for thee, thou shalt not have the pleasure of being first reveng'd. At these words, and the bustle that we made, the Marquess and the Viceroy's Lady awaking, were at their wits end, not knowing what resolution to take. The Marquess judging that the Ponyard *Don Alphonso* had in his Hand; threatned only him, made use of the time I held him, to lay hold of his own, and stand on his Guard. I left them in this furious Disorder, hoping they would sufficiently revenge one on another, for their Treason against me; and re-entring my Chamber, I shut the door on that side, and having taken with me all that was considerable in money or Jewels; I went out at another door, and ran through the Streets like a mad Woman, to seek a Felucca in the Port, to carry me to any place my despair would lead me. I was so unhappy as not to find one ready, and had not the patience to stay, for fear of being pursued, and forced back to that Court, where I had rather die than appear. At last with much ado I found a Barque bound for *Barcellona*; provided they went far enough from *Italy*, and that my Name and my Birth were concealed, I cared not whither they carried me; so that I went on board, without taking a moment to consider. 'Tis not

not a single Accident makes us unfortunate ; the greatest disasters have commonly a large train of misfortunes : Thus far my soul entertained not a thought, but what the transports of despair and resentment had suggested. But when I saw my self at Sea, and in no other Company than that of five or six poor Mariners, who knew not what to think of me, my heart was so full, that nothing could ease it but a torrent of tears. I will not trouble you with a Relation of the sad thoughts I had for two or three days that I had the opportunity of a solitary entertainment ; but on the fourth I found my self plunged into new afflictions. About Sun-rising the Sea-men put up such a lamentable cry, it almost broke my heart : I thought we had been Shipwrack'd, and asked what the matter was, more out of curiosity than any fear of death, being the thing I heartily wish'd for. I found the Gallies of *Biserti* had us in Chase, and took us an hour after : I received this disaster with such tranquility of spirit, as really astonish'd all the Spectators. All my fear was for my person, having fallen into the hands of men who are the most barbarous and inhumane on earth, and have no respect for our Sex. However, whether it was my particular good fortune, or that they had some regard for a Woman which appeared of more than ordinary Quality, I may truly say, that setting aside the haughtiness and rudeness of their first approach, in forcing open the door of my Cabbin with their feet ; I was better used than the rest, and more favourably than I expected. As soon the Souldiers saw me, not one of them entred ; only the Captain of the Galley took that liberty, and very civilly asked me in *Italian* who I was, and

and for what place I was bound. I hid from him both my Name and my Quality, telling him, I was called *Laura*, and went for *Barcellona* to my Father; then in the service of the King of *Spain*. Then I put into his hand a little Box, in which were my Money and my Jewels; and the more to oblige him, I told him I made him a Present worth above twenty thousand Crowns (as in truth it was) and that I might have thrown it overboard, as most of the Sea-men had done their Cloaths and their Merchandize. The acknowledgment I desired of him, was that I might be civilly used; which he promised me, and the same time told me, I should say nothing of the Box, assuring me of a share at our arrival at *Tunis*. I was ravished at this Conjunction, not so much for the hopes he gave me of restoring part of my Jewels, but because this secret rendred me useful and necessary to the Captain, and obliged him to a greater care of me. And the truth is, I had no reason to complain; he caused me to be presently carried aboard his Galley, and gave me his own Cabbin, and never came into it till we arrived at *Biserti*. Our Voyage was not long; we had a great Calm, and having in three days gain'd the Cape of *Carthage*, we got safe into the Port of *Biserti*; where being landed, I was put into a kind of Litter carried by a Camel, and so carried to *Tunis*, under a Guard of five or six Horse-men. I fell to the *Bassa's* share, who, joyful of it, made a Present of me to his Lady.

Thus you have, dear *Assen*, the fortune of a Maid born of an illustrious Family, and to a plentiful Estate, as you very well know. The *Turk* being perfectly acquainted with the condi-

on of her Family, could not sufficiently admire the strangeness of her fate, and assured her of his best endeavours to make her more happy for the future, and to gain her liberty to return to her Countrey, which she had no cause to scruple; That the Accident at *Naples* was a disaster to be remedied by her Marriage with the Son of the Viceroy, who doubtless would be glad of it: That if it should fall out otherwise, she had many excellencies and advantages to comfort her against all the disasters of her life: That her misfortune in the *Neapolitan* Court could not be laid to her fault, but the infamous Treason of a Man, who sooner or later was sure to be punished for his Crime. In a word, after long discourse to this purpose, he renewed protestations of his readiness to serve her, and to leave no stone unturned to free her from her misery: That he had many good Friends about the *Dey*, and was very well assured he could not take any sinister resolution against her, but he must have notice of it time enough to prevent, or escape it. *Laura* was not wanting to her duty of gratitude, for these signal testimonies of Affection to her Family and her; and could not sufficiently thank Heaven, that in the midst of her misfortunes she had met a Man so devoted to her Service, and of unquestionable fidelity.

Thus *Affen* left her a little comforted against the malignity of her destiny, and promised to come again, and pass part of the night following with her, being obliged that day to wait on the *Dey*, to see how Matters were carried.

The End of the Second Part.

THE

T H E

HAPPY SLAVE.

The Third Part.

A SSEN got home, but was extremely astonish'd the *Moor* was not return'd : he went to Bed, but had very bad rest, fearing some ill accident had befallen the *Moor*. And considering of what dangerous consequence it might be to him in the present conjuncture, to be found to have held correspondence with *Mahomet*, he began to repent he had so rashly expos'd himself to discovery. The thought of this kept him from sleeping ; but at length the *Moor* arriv'd, and having given him an account what had staid him so long, dissipat'd his fears, and quieted his Spirits.

Assen was satisfied, took the *Bassa's* Letter, read it ; and instantly dispatch'd the *Moor* back again, it being a pretty while before Day, and a fitter time than at the fourth Watch, as the *Bassa* had appointed by his Letter.

The *Bassa* was surpriz'd to see the *Moor* so quickly returned; but having heard the reason, he was not displeased, but hid him in his Tent; and as soon as it was night, sent him in search of his General confident and dearest Friend the Master of the Gallies. *Romadan*, says he to him, with some disorder in his looks, *what think you of me when I tell you I intend to lye at Tunis to night? I must tell you Sir*, says *Romadan* the Master of the Gallies, *I think you too wise to expose your self to that hazard, without assurance from our Friends there, that they will open you the Gates; nor do I believe you can take pleasure in putting your Country to Fire and Sword. You understand me not*, replies the *Bassa*, *when I tell you I design to lye at Tunis to night, 'tis not to execute my just vengeance against it; I am too tender of the Blood of my Friends, to revenge my self by night, when I cannot distinguish my Friend from my Foe; I speak of going thither, only attended by a Moor I have here, to speak with Assen, to learn what pass'd at the Divan, to enter the Castle, see Laura, and return.* *Romadan* heard him with that attention and silence, which sufficiently express'd his wonder and astonishment. He thought it unnecessary to use reasons to dissuade him from a design so rash and extravagant. The *Bassa* who read in his looks the substance of what he might have said to him. *I confess*, says he, *I expose my self to some hazard, and that it is imprudence, or (you may call it) folly to run such a risque; but that matters not, and to ease you of the fear of being charg'd for not telling me what you think of the business, I declare to you, I sent not for you to crave your advice, whether I ought to put it in execution*

cution or not, for that's already resolved. The story they tell me of my Wife, that she is gone away with the Christian, and that Laura is at home with the Dey, are the things that prevail with me, nothing but a sight of her, can convince me 'tis true; the more I think of it, the more it perplexes me: I would be satisfied at least how the business was carried, and there is no knowing it but by the Slave. However, were the reasons I have told you not sufficient to make you approve of the design, I cannot refuse an irresistible passion to so small a compliance.

The Bassa having said this, held his peace, in expectation of Romadan's answer, who having for some time fixt his eyes on the ground, lift them up on the sudden, saying, God preserve you Sir from the mischief you run into; but if it be so ordained, you cannot avoid your destiny. Then he shewed him the many obstacles and dangers he should meet with before he could get to Assen. How impossible it was to effect some of the things he desired; that he could not enter the Castle without being discovered, and that for a sight of a Christian Girl his Slave, he hazarded the ruin of himself, his friend, and his party, that a little patience would make him master of his designs without pains or danger. The Bassa, instead of being perswaded by Romadan's reasons, expressed by his countenance a visible impatience to hear a discourse so unnecessary and useless after the resolution he had taken. His passion tempted him to try his fortune, and deprived him of patience as incompatible with love.

The night being pretty well advanced, he disguised himself the best he could; and having given *Romadan* such orders as were necessary, that his absence might not be perceived, he went away with the *Moor*, who led him a way he came the night before: they entred the Town without meeting any, but being hard by *Assen's* House, they fell among a company of People belonging to the *Divan*, the *Bassa's* sworn Enemies: But by good fortune he pass'd undiscovered, for which he was obliged to the *Moor*, who being a witty fellow, told those who would have staid them, that he was one sick of the Plague, whom he had in charge to carry to the Pest-house. This made them stand at a distance, and give them free passage; though that disease be not so dreadful there as in other places, being very common and ordinary in those parts.

The *Bassa* was glad of so easie an escape; and when he got to *Assen's*, he rewarded the *Moor* according to the merit of so considerable a service.

Assen was abroad at the *Bassa's* arrival, but was extremely surprized at his return to see the *Bassa* there. *Ab! Sir*, said he, embracing him, is it possible you would hazard your self thus? it might have been excusable in a bare-brain'd young fellow, who had nothing to lose but his life, but for a man of your prudence and conduct, (being the second Person of the Kingdom) to come, without design perhaps, at least without necessity, to throw your self into your Enemies hands, and expose your life to a thousand dangers. This *Sir*, how ill soever you take it, is a thing I can never pardon you: For
Sir,

Sir, adds he, *what could have oblig'd you to hazard your self thus?*

The *Bassa* fell a laughing, and taking all in good part that was spoken by *Assen*, whose kindness he was assured of, asked him if he had ever been in love, and whether he knew not that love had made the greatest of men guilty of faults, and that those faults had always their pardon. But Sir, said *Assen*, *what have you to do with love? is it not Laura you are in love with? and is not she in the Castle?* Yes, replies the *Bassa*, but being in your custody, it cannot be impossible to have a sight of her. *Assen* would have dissuaded him from the design, as the most extravagant and rash he had ever enterprized; but prevailed no more than the master of the Gallies. Strength of reason and fear of dangers are obstacles too weak to stop the progress of a passionate Lover. Love feeds upon hope, and death is not half so formidable as the happiness of seeing a Mistress is charming and pleasant. The *Bassa* resolved, whatever befell him, to go into the Castle. But it was impossible to do it by Night, the Gates being then open only for *Assen*, and others the *Deys* principal Officers. So that it must of necessity be between Nine in the Morning and Six at Night; and the strict Examination they used in that time would have cool'd any Man but the *Bassa* from proceeding in so desperate a design. But those Southern Lovers are too hot to be cool'd by Obstructions that appear invincible to others. *Assen* told him, he had no better way than to put him into one of the Meal-sacks he had order to send into the Castle on the morrow in a

Cart. The *Bassa* was content, and thought it an excellent invention; and that there could be no danger in it at all. Having resolved on this, they past part of the Night in Discourse of the present posture of Affairs, what past at the *Divan*, what designs the *Dey* had, what Forces were raised, and such other particulars as were necessary for the *Bassa* to know. After this, they went to Bed, where *Assen* took his rest; but as for *Mahomet*, he had no mind to sleep, he dreamt waking of the happiness of seeing the fair *Laura* on the morrow.

At length the day appear'd, and the Cart was loaded with Meal-sacks for the Castle, and among them the Bag with the *Bassa* in't, was so plac'd, that he lay pretty conveniently. The *Moors* led the Horses, and *Assen* walked at some distance before; the Castle-gate was opened, and no search made in the Cart, the *Dey's* Secretary was Personally Convoy to. They past freely to the Magazins of Victuals, where several *Moors* instantly attended to unload; but *Assen* very dextrously got rid of them, sending them away on several Errands. This was well for the *Bassa*, who having been almost stifled in the Bag, had untied it, to take a little breath, and had certainly been discovered, had those *Moors* staid in the Magazin. *Assen* left him there all that day, not thinking it fit to bring him to *Laura* till Night; so that he locked him up there, took the Key in his Pocket, and went to the *Dey's* Palace to learn what News.

Poor *Laura* being all day alone, thought it very long, and with great impatience wish'd for the Night.

Night, that she might have a sight of her dear Friend *Assen*. At length the hour came he usually visited her, but no news of *Assen*, which troubled her extreamly. At last, she heard the Door open, and rising to meet him, *Did you but know*, *Assen*, says she, *the Sufferings I lye under in the condition I am in, having no Friend but you, you would not have made me pine so long for a sight of you; for in good truth, I am half dead with staying for you.* *Assen* fell a laughing, and turning about to the *Bassa*, who followed him, here is one, says he, knows how to bring you to Life again, and I doubt not but for his sake you will pardon my long stay. *Assen* had not told the *Bassa* of the Ancient intimate Acquaintance he had with *Laura*; this made him interrupt her so quickly, to make her take notice of him. But he was so white all over with lying in the Meal-sack, that she took him for one of *Assen's* Men; but seeing him laugh, she viewed him more narrowly, and knew him, *Oh Heavens! is it you, Sir*, says she. *Oh? whither are you come in search of an unfortunate wretch, which hath already given you so much trouble, and too great cause of complaint!* It is easie, answers the *Bassa*, to pardon those we love. But is it possible you are here, and that the *Sultaneſs* is gone away in your stead? tell me, was it she that betray'd you, or was it *Alexander*? I know not what to think of it; but when I consider his proceedings in this last adventure, I cannot suspect him tracherous. For 'twas not his fault I discovered not the *Sultaneſs*, it was I hindred him to take off her *Bar-mas*, that I might see her. However, if he loved

you, I am sufficiently Reveng'd of you, for you have lost more than I; and if he was false to you, you may comfort your self with the assurance of the affection of a Person not so unworthy of your favour as he was. These last words put *Laura* to the blush; but making no answer to them, *As for me, Sir,* said she, *I neither lost a Lover in him, nor have cause to charge him with falsehood, but must lay on my ill Fortune all the blame of my being left behind him.* You surprize me much, replies the *Bassa*, and make me conclude you an excellent Dissembler, or my self the most abused Man in the World. Call to mind, *Sir,* says *Laura*, *What I told you so often, that my affection for Alexander was very indifferent; and to be taken off when I pleased.* The Ladies of your Country differ very much from those of Christendom in their course of Love; yours are very susceptible, easily take impression, and are equally unconstant. Ours are more shie of engaging in Love, but when engaged, their love is more lasting. You believed me a Turk, and several times did me Honours, due only to the Sultaneſs, whom you often mistook for me. The Sultaneſs, replies the *Bassa*, much surpriz'd at the News. The very same, *Sir,* says *Laura*, for 'tis now time to disabuse you; and since I may justly glory to have made of my Passion for Alexander a Sacrifice to her Love, I may now be allowed to declare it, when she is out of all danger of inconvenience by my owning it. The Sultaneſs, *Sir,* continued she, more affected than I with the good qualities of that Christian, looked upon him as worthy of her Love. But permit me to say, you may thank your self for it, who first

first sought out the means to gain the Honour of finding a Gallant for your Lady. You may believe, replies the *Bassa*, I design'd no such matter, yet I pardon it in a Woman I had no kindness for. But the falseness of the Christian was unpardonably base, who besides the regard he should have had for the daily favours I did him, ought to have observed at least the Laws of Hospitality. The *Sultaneſs*, Sir, said *Laura*, had a Beauty of power to corrupt the most upright of Men; and had she been anothers Wife, I durst not have undertaken for your integrity in the case. I had a desire to see the Christian; you brought him into the *Seraglio*; she had a sight of him: He was handsome, she loved him, and told him so; what could he do? The *Bassa* could not forbear laughing at her relating the story. And 'tis all the concern the *Turks* express for the falseness of their Wives, especially those they have no love for, having *Se-aglio's* well stor'd, and the priviledge to change Wives at pleasure. The *Bassa* very patiently took the loss of his *Sultaneſs*, and told *Laura* it must be her fault if he should not be now more happy than ever. The subtil Slave, very sensible how useful he might be to her in the present conjuncture, thought it unseasonable to give him a repulse, but resolv'd to manage to advantage so good an overture; she told him only, that was not a time to make Love. You see, Sir, continues she, I am here in a Prison, I know not how to get out of. But I know how to do it, replies the *Bassa* haughtily; and if within three days you be not at Liberty, I'll fill the Streets of this Town with the Bodies of the Inhabitants. *Ab Sir!* answers *Laura*, that were the way not to save me,

but to hasten my Death. And it being known I am the cause of this Disorder, you may easily guess what Mercy I shall find. If you have, Sir, any value for my Life, since it may be saved without shedding Blood, and that matters are now in a way of accommodation, let me intreat you not to think of those horrible extremities. Believe me, says the Bassa, 'tis their design to amuse me, till the Troops they expect from Tripoly be arriv'd; but I shall take Order for that, and if you will prevent inconveniences that may happen, you must resolve to get out hence this Evening, and go along with me. Get out hence, Sir, replies Laura, and how shall it be done, out of a Castle where I am under Guard, and have so many Gates to pass? You see, says the Bassa, spight of all those Guards, and those Gates, I have entered, and resolve to get out again; and may not you too? But, Sir, says Laura, consider I am a Woman, and however disguised, may be easily discovered by my gate, or my stature; and the least obstacle we meet with, will put me into such a fright, will infallibly ruin both you and me. Assen fortified her Reasons with his, and absolutely condemned the Enterprize propos'd, as exposing the Bassa and her to apparent danger of inevitable ruin. You shall see, Sir, adds he, by the difficulty you and I shall find to get out, the trouble we should have to get a Woman along with us. I am of Opinion with the rest of your Friends, 'tis best to come to an accommodation. The Troops from Tripoly will be long a coming, and if you keep the Town streightly block'd up a few days longer, you will oblige the People to Petition the Dey to make Peace, which we of your Party will

not fail to help forward : And the *Dey* being of a timorous irresolute temper, will be glad of the presence to come to an Agreement.

The *Bassa*, though more inclin'd to violent than moderate actions, yielded this time to the perswasion of two Persons who were the dearest to him of any, and whose interest he knew it was not to give him any Counsel to his disadvantage. He told them he would stay a Week longer, but if in that time neither the Threats nor Intercession of his Friends should prevail, he would make use of some Stratagem to reduce the Town; and if that failed, he would employ all his Force to bring the *Dey* to Reason.

Assen was easily induced to assent to all this, knowing the Town was ill provided of Corn, and that the Inhabitants began already to be streightned, and murmured at the exigences they were reduc'd to, and not without cause, although it was given out these murmurs were raised by those of the *Bassa's* Party, in favour of his designs.

The *Bassa* shifting his Discourse from the general affairs to his private concerns, desired *Laura* to give him a particular account of *Alexander's* Amour with the *Sultaneſs*, which *Laura* related in the most civil expressions she could, not forgetting the Adventure in the Chamber of Repose, where the *Bassa* had mistaken his Lady for her: the *Bassa* could hardly believe this, and was more vext at it, than all the rest of the story. Then she told him the design the *Sultaneſs* and she had to go both aboard, and why the *Sultaneſs* had put her self into the Basket without acquainting *Alexander* with her intentions. I do verily believe it, said the *Bassa*, for I was in the Chamber when the

Basket was brought in, and feign'd it was you; and was unwilling *Alexander* should do you the least violence. I gave Order my self to have it carried aboard, and together with *Alexander* went along with it to the Port. *Assen* and *Laura* could not forbear laughing. The *Bassa* told them he was as ready to laugh at it as they, but that *Laura* made one of the party, and had a hand in putting the trick on him. For as for his Wife, the hatred he bore her Father, and the small kindness he had for her, were sufficient assurances he was not sorry to be rid of her. But he expected satisfaction from *Laura* for the ill Offices she had done him; none being more guilty than she of the Treason of the *Sultaneſs*. Raillery made up the rest of the Discourse, and the Night being far gone, *Assen*, not affected as the *Bassa* with the Charms of *Laura*, told him it was time to withdraw. The *Bassa* intreated him to stay a little longer, and said, while Night lasted, he thought there was no danger; and that he had not taken so much pains to enjoy that lovely Girl only for a moment. At last, *Laura* acquainted him with the fear she was in, having been so long together, which heightned the danger; giving the Guards cause to suspect so long an interview, and to stop his passage if he staid much longer. The *Bassa*, to satisfy her, retired, making new protestations of a Passionate Lover, who would rather perish a thousand times, than not see her delivered from the hands of her Enemies by an Honourable Peace, or a bloody War.

A new invention must be thought of for the getting out of the Castle, where the Examination was as strict almost at going out as at entrance.

Assen

Assen led the *Bassa* back again to the Magazin, and having daubed his Face sufficiently with Meal, laid a parcel of empty Sacks on his shoulders, without any disturbance, past all the Guards with him, as a Servant of *Assen's*. It was not yet day; and the *Bassa* thought it fit to make use of his time, to return before Morning to the Camp, where he thought his presence very necessary. *Assen* bore him company to the Walls of the Town, and having belp'd him over, took his leave.

Laura longed extreamly to hear what was become of him, and could not rest till she saw *Assen*. Cheer you, *Madam*, said he, as he entred her Chamber. The *Bassa* is out of danger, and all will be well. Alas! dear *Assen*, answers she, peradventure things may go well, but not for me. You will be certainly set at Liberty, replies *Assen*, and in very few days. Yes, says *Laura*, I shall be set at Liberty from the Dey, to be made Prisoner to the *Bassa*, whose Passion will render my Imprisonment a thousand times more unfortunate than my present restraint. Heard you not what he said? And what will become of me, when in his power? Ah, *Assen*, adds she, with Tears in her Eyes, I did but too clearly fore-see the misfortunes that did threaten me, unless Heaven divert them. A Maid of my Quality had better die a Prisoner, than buy her Liberty at that rate. *Assen* sighing for pity, answered, he had already thought of all she said, and that it was not without cause, he so much opposed the *Bassa's* designs of taking her away that Night. That he could have found means enough for it, had he thought it for her advantage; But that he resolved to represent to her first, how much harder it would be for her to get out
of

of the *Bassa's* hands than the *Dey's*. And that he was very glad she had first spoken of it; that he would keep his word with her, to do her all the Service he could, to help her back into her Countrey; that he was very sensible it was as much as his Fortune was worth, and perhaps his Life; both which he must hazard in the case: but that he never scrupled to expose the one, or the other, but was ready to sacrifice both for the interest of a Family he was more indebted to; and that he was very willing to return among the Christians, whose Religion and Customs he loved far better than those of his Countrey.

This ushered in a long Discourse of the Business in hand; the Conclusion was, that *Assen* should use the interest of his Friends with the *Dey*, to persuade him to set *Laura* at liberty, and send her back into her Countrey, to prevent the Confusion to be fear'd, if he should be obliged to restore her to the *Bassa*, and see her supply his Daughter Seat and Room. That, if this would not take, he should try the utmost extremities, to endeavour the getting her on board a *Brigandine* of his, which should be made ready to carry her away with the first Opportunity. Poor *Laura*, deeply sensible of the Obligation she had to so honest a Man, told him more than once, he might assure himself, she would not be ungrateful for so considerable Services; and that he should never fail of a Friend while she lived, but might command any thing in the power of her Family. *Assen*, who needed no promises to persuade him in this particular, took his leave; and went to spend the rest of the Night in thinking of the business, for which his inclination and gratitude were motives sufficiently powerful

powerful to engage his utmost endeavours. He slept not a wink, but as soon as it was day, he went to visit those he thought to make use of, to speak to the *Dey*. Of these, *Beyran-Aga*, the *Dey's* Favourite, was one, in whom he placed most confidence, as most favouring the Christians, and his particular Friend. He found him ready to serve him, but at the same time, he desired the favour of seeing the Slave. *Assen* fearing the effects of her Beauty on a young man, as the *Aga*, might obstruct the design, was so far from expressing a willingness to comply with him, that he strained his invention to find the most specious pretences to divert him. *Beyran* took it for a denial of his Request, and was somewhat displeased. He thought *Assen* was in Love with her, and told him only, he would do him all the Service in his power to persuade the *Dey* to give the fair Slave her Liberty. But the truth is, he endeavoured it but coldly; so that either the *Dey* believed, a time might come he might give *Laura* in exchange for his Daughter, or that the *Bassa* loving her as he did (in case of necessity) to make Peace with him, would for her sake grant him better Conditions, he was not of Opinion with *Assen's* Friends, who advised him to be rid of her.

Assen much troubled his project had failed, resolved to put himself into a condition of stealing her away, hoping to effect it as a thing depending intirely on himself. *Beyran* whose desires to see *Laura* increased, by the difficulty he found of obtaining it from *Assen*, would not ask it of him the second time; but went streight to the *Dey*, to beg leave to see her, under pretence of learning from her, the truth of what was reported concerning the

Sultanesa,

Sultaneſs, and the Chriſtian, who was fled. The *Dey* too well aſſured of the amour betwixt them, by the evidence of the *Moor*, who carried the Basket; and of ſeveral Women of the *Seraglio*, and other Circumſtances, little needed further information. But *Beyran* being his Favourite, and thinking his requeſt proceeded meerly from curioſity of ſeeing the fair Slave, he granted it; and gave order to *Laura's* Guards to let him ſee her.

This Favourite had heard the Slave was very handſom, but could not learn how long ſhe had been at *Tunis*, nor how taken; fortune having ſo ordered it, that he addreſſed his inquiry to Perſons that could give him no certain account.

Aſſen had been buſie that day, arming his *Bri-ganaine* under pretence of ſending her a cruizing, and commanded his People, being almoſt all Chriſtian Slaves, to be ready at the Cape of *Carthage* to ſail with the firſt Orders. *Laura* was diſpos'd the night before, to venture paſſing the Sea in that little Veſſel: The weather was fair, the Seaſon pleaſant, and they hoped, if the wind ſerved, to reach the Iſle of *St. Peter* in two days. *Aſſen* goes to viſit her, and finds her trembling for fear: *Madam*, ſays he, this is not a time to tremble, but to arm your ſelf with Reſolution and Courage. *I am a Woman*, *Aſſen*, answers ſhe, and one unhappy enough to have cauſe to fear the worſt, both for you and my ſelf. *Aſſen* endeavour'd to hearten her, ſaying, ſhe ſhould be ſet at liberty on the morrow, and that he would take her out of the Caſtle without difficulty or danger. *Laura* was in fear ſtill, and ſo much diſordered, ſhe knew not where to begin to provide for her eſcape; when
on

on the sudden, she heard her Chamber door open, and turning about, saw a man enter, which frightened her so (apprehending a discovery) that she fell in a Swoon with these words in her mouth; *Ab! Lord we are undone!* *Assen* extreamly surprized at the accident, and the *Moor* foreseeing the *Aga*, knew not what to think might occasion his coming thither, believing it could not be, but in behalf of the *Dey*. Both *Beyran* and he were busie about *Laura*, holding her up, but of the two *Beyran* seemed most concern'd. He viewed and reviewed her Countenance, her stature, her hair, her hands, with a diligence and trouble too extraordinary, not to surprize *Assen*, to whom he had not yet said a word. But all on the sudden, giving free passage to a thousand sighs, his surprize had stopt or suspended: *Oh Heavens!* Cries he as a man transported, 'tis she, tis she, my Dear Eleanor. And at the same time falling down at her knees, embraced them with that tenderness and height of affection, you would have thought he would have died there for joy. These words and transports, and hearing him call her *Eleanor*, surprized *Assen*; he knew not whether it was the *Aga*, he saw there, or some other that had borrowed his shape. *Laura* the mean while was pretty well come to her self and angry at seeing at her feet a man she knew on no other account, but that the sight of him had almost cost her life, struggled the best she could to get from him. But the *Aga*, with eyes full of tears, and not able to say a word, held her so much the faster: *Laura* extreamly astonish'd, Sir, says she, if this be an effect of pity, you have for the fortune of an unfortunate Slave, I have done ill to be so much alarm'd at the sight of you. But I thought
you

you came on a design contrary to my wishes. You little know, Madam, says the Aga, with a languishing tone, the Person prostrate before you.

*Laura, feigning she knew the voice, fixt her eyes on him to take a better view: Heavens! cries she, what do I see, is it possible it should be he? With that she falls into a second Swoon into the arms of Assen, who much troubled at it, intreated the Aga to withdraw a little, fearing the sight of him might be the death of the poor Maid, not knowing who he was. What say you, says the Aga? Alas! she knows me too well, being the sole cause of all her misfortunes. Assen, I know you to be honest, and my very good Friend, and therefore I apprehend no danger in telling you, she is a Person whose Merits as well as Birth make her worthy your Care; and one for whom I would lose a thousand Lives to save her from harm. Assen hearing this, fell from one astonishment to another, and would have fain cleared the Mystery of the Adventure, but was so busied with endeavouring to fetch Laura again, that he thought it convenient to respite the Discourse to a fitter Opportunity. The Aga extremely concerned, assisted him with extraordinary diligence; and Laura beginning to take breath, Assen asked her, if she desired that Turk should quit the Room, and told her, he was the Aga, the Dey's Favourite, he had told her of. She making no answer, turned her dying Eyes towards the Aga, and with a languishing voice, *Oh cruel,* said she, *What Fate brought thee hither to persecute me to Death?* Beyran could not hear that Language, without falling the second time at her feet, and washing them with a torrent of tears, without speaking a word: *Leave me Traitor,* says she,*

she, leave me, that I may dye in quiet, rather than be deluded again with thy tears, which deceitfully as they are, have but too strong an effect on my feeble heart. *Assen* the spectator of so tender a Scene, having fresh in memory the story of *Laura*, with *Marquess Hippolito*, and *Don Alphonso*, knew not what to think of it. The *Aga* was a Renegado arrived at *Tunis* a year before; and *Assen* fancied he might be one of those Lovers, and rather the *Marquess Hippolito*, than *Don Alphonso*. *Laura* in the height of her anger, having express'd a tenderness for him, which she could not have retained, but for one she had loved. He had a desire to know the bottom of the business, but thought it unseasonable to interrupt them, and was in hopes this Scence would end in a discovery of the Mystery. Yet being himself streightned in time, and that they were fallen into a deep silence, using only expressions of mutual sighs. He thought fit to say to the *Aga* (whom he sufficiently perceived no Enemy of *Laura's*) 'Had my former acquaintance with you been too small to give me hopes, you would not cross the design we have in hand; yet Sir, what I have but now seen and heard, were enough to perswade me, you will be so far from obstructing it, that I assure my self, we shall have your assistance to compass it. By my request to you yesterday, you know my endeavours for the Liberty of this Slave: those proved ineffectual, but I have thought of other means, which if you please, we will execute this evening. You know well enough the *Basso* is passionately in love with her, if we give him time to see her once more, it will not be in our power to get her out of his hands; If a War be resolved

'resolved on, it will be equally difficult to save
 'her: And who knows but she may be put to death
 'here, the People being already extreamly incen-
 'sed against her, as the cause of all this disorder;
 'and upon the noise of a War, they will be too
 'apt to make her a Sacrifice. Let us be wise in
 'time, all things are in readiness, and if you will
 'make use of them presently, I do warrant the
 'success. The *Aga* looked upon him as a man
 newly out of a Trance, and oppress'd with grief.
 Let us do, *Dear Assen*, says he, whatever you
 think fit; for in the condition that I am in, I am
 not capable to give you any reasonable Counsel,
 but will do all you shall desire of me, and employ
 my whole power in the Castle to favour your
 design, and help this Lady out of danger. In-
 grateful man, answers *Laura*, do you speak of help-
 ing me out of danger? you who are the cause of all
 my misfortunes. Go wretch, go, I'll never be so
 much obliged to you, but chuse rather to dye here in
 Prison, than not to have still just cause to reproach
 you. This is not time, *Madam*, says *Assen*, (whose
 conceptions were too gross to apprehend the delica-
 cy of her Sentiments) to refuse any help, especial-
 ly the *Aga's*, who being Captain of the Guard,
 can give order for opening us the Gates, when we
 please, without stop or examination. What confi-
 dence can we repose, answers she, in the most perfid-
 ious of men? No, no, *Assen*, were it possible for
 him to be more honest on this occasion, then he was
 faithful in his love, I will rather dye than make use
 of his assistance, after the double Treason he com-
 mitted against me: The very thought of it, adds,
 she with tears, is more cruel than Death. 'Tis
 true, *Madam*, says *Beyran*, with the most moving
 action

tion imaginable: I have deserved death, yet peradventure I am not so guilty as you think me. *Don Alphonso* and *Clarice*, who betrayed us both, have expiated their Crimes with Death, and if mine must be punished with equal rigor my life is at your dispose. You see me in a Country, *Madam*, whither nothing but despair on the news of your death occasioned my coming; for after diligent search of the way you had taken, having been told you were imbarqued for *Barcellona*, I took the same road, and arrived at that City, where soon after it was reported, the Vessel you imbarqued in was cast away, and not one Person saved. Never was grief equal to mine, every one pitied me; nor had I escaped death, but that Heaven moved at my tears, reserved me the happiness of seeing you again, to justify my self before you, and not to dye in your ill opinion, the thing next the loss of you, I was most of all troubled for. The life I have since led, hath been full of afflictions sufficient to expiate any Crime, if not committed against you. *Laura* took pleasure to hear him, and heartily wished to find it true. He was not so much to blame as she believed. But the evidence was so apparent against him, that the very thought of what she had seen, made her more angry than ever, so that she commanded him out of her sight, bid him quit the Town, and never see her more. Poor *Beyran* being still on his knees, endeavoured with the kindest and most tender expressions imaginable to pacifie her. *Assen*, who by this time was sufficiently assured he was the *Marquess Hippolito* under the name of *Beyran*, moved with his tears, took his part against *Laura*, whom he thought not in-

flexible, and intreated her to have some regard to the penitence of so tender a Lover, ready to deliver her out of all her troubles, and free her from Slavery which he had occasioned; but perhaps without any fault of his, and so against his will. But *Laura* more angry than before (at least in appearance) answered, she valued not her Slavery, but would choose rather to return to the *Bassa*, than go away with a man she hated worse than Death. This troubled *Assen*, but he could not despair to see the fair Lady yield at last to the pains and tears of a Lover, though she appear'd unwilling to be overcome by the persuasions of a Friend.

*For anger in a Ladies heart,
Is but short liv'd, though it may be smart,
Against their Crimes who have the Art
To please;
For these*

*No sooner at the Bar appear,
Kneel, sigh, look sad, and drop a tear;
But they with ease,
A pardon for the offence obtain,
And are admitted into Grace again:
While the fair Fudge, whose angry brow,
Lowr'd, and look'd terrible but now,
To the poor Lover there below,
Finding her tender heart relent,
Begins her Anger to repent;
Thinks her self Criminal, that she
So rigorous to him could be;
Owns her Severity a fault,
And that she may it expiate,*

*Submits his Prisoner to remain,
Bound in her own affections Chain.*

Laura's heart was of this temper, she thought her self concerned in honour not to yield too soon. *Assen* did her no small pleasure in taking the part of Marquess *Hippolito*, whom we will yet call *Beyran*. And she was very willing *Assen* should have the honour of obtaining from her a pardon for the ungrateful *Beyran*, if he could plead any thing to justify himself, or extenuate the Treason he was guilty of, but that would have ushered in a Discourse too long for the present conjuncture, and *Assen* told the *Aga*, if he had a mind to execute the design he had told him of, he must be at the Cape of Carthage before day; for there the *Brigandine* waited their coming. *Beyran* answered, it was impossible to get that night out of the Castle, the *Dey* having not above two hours since had news from the Spies, he maintained about the *Bassa*, that the night before, the *Bassa* entred the Town, whereupon the *Dey* gave strict order no Person should go out or in but by day. *Laura* and *Assen* were surprized at the news, and perceived the *Bassa* had been in danger. *Beyran* seeing *Laura* a little mollified, was extremely desirous to improve so happy a beginning by a suitable progress to an intire pacification. But though she saw him much troubled and very penitent, she gave him not the comfort of a kind expression or look; but against her inclination forced her self to appear harsh, and act the cruel against him. *Assen*, who thought one night at least necessary to be afforded *Laura*, to dispose her self for an intire Reconciliation; and that being upon the point of

executing so hazardous a design, care should be had to take their measures aright, asked the *Aga* whether he thought it not fit to retire, lest being seen to come from *Laura* so late, he might give cause of suspicion. The *Aga* answered, he need fear nothing, the *Dey* having given him full power to stay as long as he pleased. But *Laura*, who had more reason to be of *Assen's* than of the *Aga's* opinion, who was wholly led by his passion, spoke to him, though somewhat against her will, to withdraw. The *Aga* ready to obey this order, begged the favour of her to give him hopes at least, she would pardon him, if he made it appear he was altogether innocent as to the matter of *Alphonso*, and that her hatred of him should be at an end. She made him no answer, but her eyes betrayed her heart; and spoke clearer in his favour than her voice could have done, *Beyran* kissed one of her hands, which she could not refuse him, and left her full of that evenings adventures which found her entertainment. The rest of that night not knowing what to think of *Beyran's* fortune, whom she believed turned Turk for despair; at the thought of this, the tears trickled down her Cheeks, and she perceived, that if what he told her was true, of her having been betrayed by her Maid, and that he had not any hand in *Alphonso's* base action, as in truth it was scarce credible he had, she would love him more than ever, and pardon his being found with the Vice Queen, though this was a tender point, and not to be remembered without a volley of sighs.

Assen found the *Aga's* news true, and not able to get out of the Castle, went with him to his apartment, where the pretended Renegado caused

a Bed to be provided him, but they spent the whole night in discourse. *Assen* you may believe had an itching curiosity to hear the story of *Marques's Hippolito*, having heard *Laura's*; *Assen* as soon as they were private, fell into that discourse. The *Aga*, who knew how much he wanted *Assen's* help to plead for him to *Laura*, was ready to pleasure him with the relation, and having understood *Laura* had told him part of what concern'd her, he was willing to acquaint him with what came not to her knowledge, and began thus.

*When I arriv'd at Naples, I found there the Viceroy's Son, whom I was acquainted with in my younger days, and renew'd our friendship, establish'd rather in the conformity of our age, than of our Inclinations: he brought me to Court, and esteem'd it necessary a new-comer should be a little instructed in the passages there, he took the pains to tell me all the principal Intrigues and affairs of Love, and made me the Confident of his Passion for the fair Eleanor, expecting from the fair friendship between us, I would, when acquainted with her, do him the best service in my power; I had a sight of her, and by the first effects of that view, could easily foresee there was no continuing *Alphonso's* Friend, without becoming his Rival: I was troubled at it, and reproach'd my self for my unfaithfulness; but what signified that when there was love in the case? There was no resisting *Eleanor's* charms, and I had instantly taken the resolution to love her, had not the Vice Queen used all possible arts to divert me; she express'd no small complaisance for me, which I attributed to the friendship between her Son and me. But having*

found me one day in deep meditation, she asked me, *whether I would freely acknowledge the cause of my melancholy, if she could guess what it was, and might serve me in the business?* I assur'd her I would; she adds, *I was under the Fate of many other unfortunate Lovers, who could not see Eleanor, without being affected with the excellency of her Beauty.* I was strangely surpriz'd, to find a passion scarce entertained in my Soul, already known to the Vice Queen, and could not imagine how she came by the discovery of a secret, I had resolv'd to keep close as long as possibly I could: it was not in my power to deny it; the trouble in my face and change of my colour, having given her sufficient evidence, how truly she had guessed. I told her I found my self too weak to resist the Charms of that beautiful Maid, and was sorry only *Don Alphonso* her Son, and my Friend was concern'd: she answered, that a passion we cannot master, was not to be complain'd of, nor blam'd, and that her Son could not be so unreasonable, as not to pardon my falling into a distemper, himself had been afflicted with. But she believed, I should prove as unfortunate as her Son; but to keep her word with me, she would let me see, my concerns were more dear to her than the Interest of her Son; but I must not blame her, if her endeavours should prove ineffectual, which she had too much cause to expect, from the strange and unparallel'd insensibility of that fair Maid, that she would speak for me that very day, and see what hopes of a favourable reception, and whether she deli'd love, out of a general aversion for Mankind, or a particular disgust against some of that Sex. The same time she assign'd me Ten

A Clock at night, to meet her in the great Walk in the Garden, to receive an account of her Negotiation: I was there to wait for her, and she kept her Assignment. I saw her come with one of her Maids, who was her Confident; and having given her my hand to lead her into a Bower, I went in with her trembling, for fear of having ill News, which I presently apprehended from her Countenance. Poor *Marquess*, says she, *you have no better fortune than others; this Girl's heart is proof to all Essays; and did you but know that ill-favoured description and scurvy character she gave of you, you would soon judge it to no purpose to apply your self to her: but I would have you believe, I say not this to discourage you, but should be sorry to see a young Gentleman as you, having qualities worthy the esteem of a fair Lady, should imploy them where there is not any hopes to prevail.* I had certainly suspected this extraordinary condescension, and goodness of the Vice-Queen, had not what she said been agreeable to the report of the whole Court, that the fair *Eleanor* was the most insensible person in the World. I knew well enough, 'twas not any concern she had for the Passion of her Son, made her speak as she did; she loved him very little, and the complaisance she had express'd for me, secured me on that side. I might have been so sagacious and quick-sighted, as to see she spoke for her self, and advised me to quit the thoughts of *Eleanor*, to gain her self Advantage; but I was so oppress'd with grief at the News, that I was utterly incapable of making any reflection: she was a Lady, the most dexterous and insinuating on Earth, and made so good use of the power she had over

me, that she not only shook the passion I was under, but help'd me to take resolution to rid my self of it, though with the loss of my life. To bring this about, I thought it necessary to find another Beauty to amuse my Affections; but where-ever I cast my eyes, in the Court, or out of it, I could discover nothing capable to make me forget one moment, the Charms of the beautiful *Eleanor*. The Vice-Queen having after that evening said nothing to me of it, saw me one morning alone in her Chamber, where her Son had newly left me; she asked me smiling, *Whether I had taken her advice, and followed her Counsels?* Madam, answered I, that cannot be done, without my having equal command over my Affections, as you have over yours; or finding at least in another Lady, those Excellencies I admire in the fair *Eleanor*. This Discourse had not pleased her, could she have thought her self of the number of those I mentioned, not comparable to *Eleanor*. But the good opinion she had of her self, and the respect due to her quality, contributed to the good construction she made of my expressions, so that my words gave no offence; but on the contrary, being extremely glad, no Beauty at Court but *Eleanor's* pleased me, she told me smiling, *She would find me out a Person, that wanted nothing of what might engage the affections of a gallant man, and that she was very well assur'd, I would not deny it.* I gave her a thousand thanks, not doubting in the least of the good success of her choice, but was very unwilling to abate her great goodness: that as to *Eleanor*, she had done her pleasure; but that the respect due to her, would not permit me to give way, she should be at the trou-

trouble to find me a Mistress. She told me, she took delight in't; that she was loth any ones Affections should be lost for want of being engag'd; and that knowing my merit, she would think it a pleasure to serve me, and take care I wanted nothing in her Court.

All this she said with an air so free, so full of goodness, it charm'd me: And I had almost answer'd, She might without further search, find in her self what she promised me elsewhere. The truth is, setting aside her Age, she might have pass'd for one of the fairest and best humoured Women of the Kingdom; but I was not willing to venture so far for fear of miscarriage, and was content to wait for a sight of her, she would provide for me. I desired her not to make me languish, being an impatient Lover, and in a condition required present remedy. She assur'd me, I should hear from her that day, and that I had no more to do, but prepare my self to be deeply in Love.

At this we were interrupted by company coming in, which oblig'd me to withdraw. I spent the rest of the morning in musing of what pass'd between us, guessing sometimes she meant one Lady, sometimes another of those I knew most intimate with her, and most proper for the design, but could not fix my judgment on any. This gave me some disquiet and trouble, with an impatient desire to see the Vice-Queen again. I made in the afternoon forty journeys to Court, to see if she had any thing to say to me; she laughed at my haste, and at length told me, my hour was not yet come, nor the day gone; that I should go home and have patience, and when the time came, she would send me news. Night came, but no

news

news from the Vice-Queen, which made me believe, she fool'd me ; so that I could not forbear returning to the Palace, where I heard she was gone to visit a Lady her Friend. I was so ready to imagine it was the Lady she spoke of, that I enquired her name, and where she lived ; but could not learn either. The caution she had used in that particular, fully convinc'd me, she was gone about my business, and that she made the visit private, that my love might be as secret, and the Court kept ignorant, how far her complaisance had carried her to serve me.

I return'd in all haste to my Lodging, as assur'd of all this ; nor was I much mistaken, for I was scarce got thither, but I received from her a Billet, brought me by a Lady attended with two Chairs, and expres'd as follows.

I have done what you desired, and I think, found out the person you wanted ; you will easily confess I am very much your friend : the sole acknowledgment I expect is, you would not make me a Liar, having promised the Lady that upon the bare description I made you of her, you would bring her a heart full of love. See you do it, for if you deceive me in this, I shall never pardon you the fault. You have no more to do but follow her that brings you this Billet, without noise or attendance ; for you are to come into a place of safety.

Had it come from any other, I should not have gone without a Guard at distance, but coming from the Vice-Queen, I could not suspect danger. All I thought of it was, that being a jovial and pleasant Lady, she had a frolick in her head, and resolved to put on me some pleasant trick : without more ado, I made me ready to laugh with her in good earnest :

earnest : I went into one of the Chairs, and followed her who brought the Billet, and was got into the other. They carried us a great way into a private part of the Town, and there set down the Chairs, which my Guide sent away, and we marched a little further, till we came to a house which made a fair shew ; I learnt afterwards it belong'd to a Lady of her Bed-Chamber, her Confident, who indeed was my Guide, and having open'd the door, made me go in without noise : I saw neither Lacquey nor light This surpriz'd me, and made me the more confident, some frolick intended : I said not a word, but prepar'd, in case things went not as I could wish, to have my share of the mirth with them, who came to laugh at my cost. At last the Lady took me by the hand to lead me up a pair of stairs in the dark, which brought us to a room no lighter than the stairs, and thence into a Chamber where were two Flam-boys lighted. It appeared a good room, but what pleased me most was, the sight of a fair Lady, who carelessly laid on a very rich bed, seemed asleep with her hood over her face. I began to repent my censure of the Vice-Queen, whom I then thought to have written in good earnest : I saw nothing in this Lady but what pleased me extreamly, and to speak the truth, it was the sole moment I may be said to have forgot the fair *Eleanor*, since I loved her. She was in a loose dress, but handsome, and rich beyond expression : I had not seen the like at Court, and knew not what to think, the Richness of the furniture, as well as her dress declaring her to be a Lady of no ordinary quality : but I was very much perplexed to guess who she was. I made up to her, and spoke ; and the
amorous

amorous impatience I had to know her not permitting the use of much Ceremony towards the Lady that stay'd for me, I put my knee to the Ground, and laying hold on one of her fair hands, which she allowed me to kiss; It was but reason, *Madam*, said I, *I should have languished all this day as I have done, who could not expect this happiness, without being put to the pain at least of longing for it.* I looked for an answer, in hopes to know the voice, but she said not a word. I intreated her to ease me of the pain, she might believe I was in, and that if she resolv'd not to be seen, she would however vouchsafe to speak to me, that where I was directed to bring a heart of love, I hoped to see a Lady that had Beauty and Wit; that as yet she had only mov'd my curiosity, but if she meant to reach my heart, I must see her. As I spoke thus, I perceived her laugh, which gave me the boldness to lift up her hood: She put back my hand, but so weakly, I thought it would not displease her to press a little further: there were but we two in the Room, her Confident having doubtless received Orders to withdraw, and I was ready to put her to the squeak, when at last she threw off her hood. But how was I surpriz'd to see 'twas the Vice-Queen. Well Sir, says she blushing, *will you be content with your good fortune? And will it not be presumption in me to fancy my self capable to make you forget all other Beauties.* I answered her more like a Gallant than a Lover: she was satisfi'd however, and without ingaging further in the relation of a discourse, of which you may guess the consequence, I will tell you only that having spent two or three hours in her company,

I return'd to my lodging the way I came, and she to the Palace.

I saw her on the morrow, and our Correspondence held for some time, but cur'd not my passion. Her Son with whom I had particular as well as general reasons to maintain a fair Correspondence, express'd more friendship for me than I could have wish'd: he was not content to make me the Confident of his affection, but employ'd me to speak for him to the fair *Eleanor* expecting more benefit from the Intercession of such a Friend, than any addresses of his own: I did, and you have doubtless heard from her; she let me understand, I should speed better in speaking for my self than for him, 'twas then I thought my self the most unfortunate of men, for believing so easily what the Vice-Queen had said to me, whose conduct convinc'd me sufficiently, how far she concern'd her self in my business. I design'd that moment to abandon her favour, and give my self up intirely to my first passion; but to prevent the trouble I might expect from the Vice-Queen, if she knew it, I thought fit to dissemble a little, and disingage my self by degrees, without declaring on the sudden for *Eleanor*. I observed the best I could the measures I had taken, but 'tis a difficult matter to conceal a passion from a jealous and a witty Woman. The Vice-Queen perceived my relapse, before I made *Eleanor* acquainted with it; she punished my Apostacy with a thousand reproaches, which were seconded with tears, and I (the better to manage her) pretended a firm Re-ingagement to her. But what will not a slighted Lady do? or what more dangerous than a jealous Woman? I was thenceforward more curious of seeing and
speak

speaking with the beautiful *Eleanor*, and avoided the occasions of being found in her company, while the Vice-Queen was by, but all to no purpose: the Vice-Queen knew all, and so well discern'd what was true, from what was feigned, that she guessed exactly right of the privatest of my thoughts. One day as I walked with her in the Garden, she told me, we had both lost time to no purpose, I inforcing my self against my Inclination, to pretend continuance of affection for her, and she endeavouring to make me love, though against my will: That she saw well enough what I now did, was but the effect of my civility to a Lady of her quality, who had express kindness for me. But 'twas time to put an end to our pain, and to satisfy me she intended it; she assured me, she would no longer oppose my Inclination, and that I would believe it, upon the Confession she made me, that I might expect from *Eleanor* not only a kind reception, but something of love; yet I put no great confidence in all these good words, as coming from a party too lyable to suspicion: But when by an Excess of goodness she added, that to convince me, she was more my Friend than I could imagine, she would contribute more than any other to my satisfaction; and procure a Letter from the Viceroy to *Eleanor's* Father, to perswade him to consent I should have his Daughter. I was so transported with joy, I could not forbear making her very large acknowledgements. She told me, I should see by the answer to that Letter what good Service she had done me: She did as she promised, and after the Letter she procured from the Viceroy, I doubted not of being compleatly happy in few days. The news
was

was confirmed by the beautiful *Eleanor*, and I had the pleasure to see her glad of it as I was : nothing troubled me then but the slow pace of time. The Viceroy had sent an express to *Genes*, but the Courier was scarce got a Horse-back, but I wish'd him return'd : every moment seemed a year by my longing and impatience : the only pleasure I had, was the time I was in *Eleanor's* company, who assur'd on her part of the success of the Viceroy's Recommendation, who had great Interest with her Father, and sensible of the pain I was in to have the matter confirmed ; had not the power to deny my passion the favour of a visit, which I begged I might make her, having engaged my self to her with all the promises and oaths, to be expected on such an occasion from a Lover belov'd. The assignation was made, and her Chamber agreed for the place of Rendezvous. *Pardon me, my dear Assen, for fetching a sigh at the remembrance of that day, which should have been a time of love and of joy, but was the most dismal and unfortunate of my life.*

Night was come, and when I thought my self just ready to be possess'd of so great a happiness, *Clarice*, who waited on *Eleanor* in her Chamber, and was her intimate Confident, brought me a Billet, I will shew you, having by good fortune kept it safe to this minute. With that he took out a little Purse from his pocket, and out of the Purse the Billet, which he read to *Assen* in these words.

I am heartily sorry, my dear Hippolito, I must fail my assignation. But an unhappy accident I must not now tell you of, will for a few days retard our happiness : you may believe me, as sensible of it as you are, but love me as you have done.

Love

Love will furnish us with opportunity enough.
Adieu.

I had never received a Letter from *Eleanor*, nor knew her Character ; so that it was easie for *Clarice* to make me believe that Billet came from her : I asked her what her Mistress ail'd ; *Nothing*, says she laughing, *but that she is not very well this evening*. I fancied I understood her meaning, and examin'd her no further ; but withdrew sufficiently displeased with my ill fortune that night, when a Page of the Vice-Queens met me coming down stairs, and told me, his Lady desired to speak with me. In the humour I was in, I could have wish'd a Dispensation from waiting upon her ; but not knowing what excuse to make, being so near her, and fearing she might have something to tell me from *Eleanor*, being the common subject of her discourse with me, I followed the Page into her Chamber, where I found her expecting my coming : she was at her Toilet, and the Viceroi being out of Town, as soon as she saw me, she reproached me for deserting her so, she could of late scarce see me in the croud ; that if I would not out of Gallantry, I should at least out of civility have afforded her my company, when destitute of other. I was not disposed for giving her so pleasing an answer as I would have done another time, however I said not any thing to disoblige her : I was melancholy and vext, but so deeply in love, I had a stock of kindness, and complaisance which abundantly furnished me with pleasing expressions, which the Vice-Queen did not disapprove of : I had not seen her in a better humour ; and falling into discourse, she kept me with her a great part of that night ; but she thought me out

of humour, and quarrell'd with me upon't. I excus'd my self, as having sat up all the night before at play. Hereupon she invited me to lye on her Bed; I was priviledg'd to be familiar; and without further intreaty made use of my liberty: for the truth is, I was almost dead for want of sleep; within less than two hours I was awak'd on the sudden by the light of a Flamboy, held before my eyes, and the first object I saw, was *Eleanor* with a Ponyard in her hand, to take away my life, had not *Don Alphonso* laid hold on her arm, and prevented the stroke. Judge you what amazement I was in, I might with some reason have suspected all this a Dream: But my Rival having seized the Ponyard, to execute what he had hindered *Eleanor* to do, had she not done me in her turn the like Service. I thought it high time to take care of my life, and running to my Arms, put my self in a posture of defence. The Vice-Queen half dead with the fright, came running to part us, but was like to have been kill'd by her Son, who seem'd as eager to dispatch her as me: I happily saved her two or three times, and at last standing before her, the fury *Don Alphonso* was in, made him run on my Weapon, and kill himself rather than be killed by me: I saw him fall, which troubled me extreemly, foreseeing the dreadful Consequence of such a misfortune. I turn'd towards the unhappy Mother, to ask her what she would do, and found her swooned away, and lying without motion: I was so much afflicted with the spectacle, I wish'd my self dead: at last necessity pressing me to withdraw, I entred *Eleanor's* Chamber, to see her once more, and dye at her feet, if she desired my life to expiate my fault, but I found her not, and so left

the Pallace without any obstacle. My design was to pass into *Sicily*, and being in search of a *Felucca* to embarque in, found *Clarice* almost drown'd in tears at the Port. I knew her, and asked whither she went, and what she would have, *Ab Sir*, said she, *I have been looking for my Mistress, who the Mariners tell me, is embark'd not a quarter of an hour since for Barcellona.* I was strangely surprized at the news, and without further deliberation, took the first *Felucca* I met, and *Clarice* being very willing to go with me in search of her Mistress, or rather to get away from a Court, where she had reason to fear the severest extremities, after the disorder lately happen'd, wherein she knew her self concern'd; I put her aboard, and had the weather so favourable, we hoped to reach *Barcellona* before *Eleanor* could be there. I took care to enquire the Name of the *Felucca* she was embark'd in, and the Masters. I was till then so distracted and oppress'd with grief and despair, it was not in my power to make any resolution on all these misfortunes; but being got to Sea, I recollected my self, and considered all those disasters; but the more I thought on them, the more was I perplex'd about them. I could not imagine by what accident *Don Alphonso* and *Eleanor* should be together to surprize me in the Vice-Queens Chamber; unless we had been betray'd, or *Don Alphonso* more in favour with *Eleanor* than I believed: and if that were so, why should my Rival prevent my death, as he did, and why did she take her turn too, to save my life from *Alphonso*, unless both were ambitious of the honour to have killed me? However I must confess I deserv'd death, and wish I had received it at

Eleanor's

Eleanor's hand; I should not then have had the displeasure of imbrewing my hands in the Blood of a Person, who had all the reason in the World to be reveng'd of me.

Clarice was very ill in the *Felucca*, of the fright she had taken, or else Sea-sick. I had not seen her all the time of the disaster at *Naples*, I told her part of the story, and found it so much afflicted her; especially when I acquainted her with the death of *Alphonso*, she grew worse and worse: I asked her several questions, which she answered with a great deal of trouble, pretending Ignorance, but in such a manner as gave me cause enough to suspected the contrary, and believe she was more concern'd in this business than I was aware of: I was unwilling to press her in the condition she was in, to reveal the secret, though I was curious of a discovery, but hoped to make it, when she should be a little better.

We arriv'd at *Barcellona*, but no news of the Bark *Eleanor* went aboard of: I resolv'd to have patience a while, as well as the Merchants, who had effects in it of great value: But how careful soever I was of *Clarice*, she grew worse than at Sea, and all the Physicians could do for her, prevented not her being reduced to that extremity, they gave her over as desperate; so that finding her self at death's door, she sent for me to her Chamber, and having desired to speak with me in private, the rest of the company quitted the Room, and she told me, that *Don Alphonso* having gain'd her, she did him all the Service she could against me with her Mistress; and having over-heard part of my last discourse with *Eleanor*, she instantly acquainted my Rival with it, who

transported with rage and despair, against a design so fatal to his Affection, resolved by any means to defeat it, and if possible make advantage of it for himself. That in order to this, he made her write a Letter, and carry it me, as from her Mistress; that *Don Alphonso* took his time, and his measures accordingly, having learnt from her the hour, and the manner of my coming to *Eleanor's* Chamber; that he got in without difficulty: but what pass'd further, she knew not; only some hours after, hearing the noise of Swords, she ran in, where she found her Mistress all in disorder, packing away; that she would have followed her, but her Mistress begg'd of her to let her go alone. At last finding the noise increase in the Vice-Queens Chamber, she was frighted, and went towards the Port, where I found her; with that the unhappy Girl with abundance of tears, begged that now at her death, I would pardon her a Crime had cost her her life. She said no more, but two hours after died: I will not tell you the different motions of my heart, during the dismal Relation this Wretch made me; but the appearance of Death in her face made me pardon her. As for *Don Alphonso*, I heartily wish'd him alive again, as not sufficiently punished by one death for his Treason; but the Traytors being both in another World, I had no Subject to exercise my Revenge on, unless my ill Fate, against which I spent my time in fruitless Complaints.

To Compleat my misery, News came, the Bark we expected was lost, which was confirmed by Advice from several Parties. Never man in such despair as I; I will not tell you the extravagancies

extravagancies it made me run into; it distracts me to think on't: there was no other remedy to bring me to my self, but to perswade me the News from Sea were not so sure, but that we had reason to expect further Confirmation, and that Vessels reported cast away, came frequently safe into Port: that the Sea was a large Countrey, and one Vessel might be easily mistaken for another, and that many fell into the hands of the *Turks*, which were supposed to have been wracked, because they were not heard of. This gave me but small comfort; yet I thought I had some reason of hope, undertaking a Voyage to visit all the Ports of the *Levant*, till I should learn some certainty of the *Felucca* I was in search of.

The *Aga* having finished his Story, *Assen* told him, he was very glad for his sake, that Matters pass'd otherwise than *Eleanor* believed; that it would be no hard matter to make his peace, when she understood the Treachery of her Chamber-maid; that he was not to wonder at the Anger she express'd against him, for that she knew not any of the Particulars he related to justify himself, but suspected him of Intelligence with *Don Alphonso* to betray her. *Heavens! is it possible,* cries *Hippolito*, *she should do my Love the injury, to entertain such a thought of me! had I not loved her as I did, could she fancy me capable of so much baseness?* Sir, said *Assen*, when there's Evidence against us, and no Plea in defence for our justification, we are easily cast: what could you expect a Lady dishonoured by the Son, should have believed of

Happy Slave.

you, whom she found in the Arms of the Mother, but that he sacrificed the one to you, that you might leave him the other. *Ab!* *Assen*, replies the *Aga* with a sigh, let's talk no more of what's past; as innocent as I am of the one side, I must acknowledge my self guilty of the other. But let me entreat you to excuse and extenuate the fault as much as you can before her; or rather never speak of it, but endeavour only to disabuse her, and alter the ill opinion she hath of me, and assure your self, what ever Fortune befall me, I will not be ungrateful for the Service you will do me. I believe you have heard from her who I am, and if the condition she is in, or any other Reason, hath oblig'd her to conceal her Birth, and other things concerning her, that might render her more worthy the zeal you have for her Service, I will satisfy your curiosity in every particular. *Assen* thanked him, and fell a laughing, and answered, he had known her too long to want Instructions in those Particulars, and could give a better account of her Birth and Family than any Person what-ever. The *Aga*, surpriz'd at it, entreated him earnestly to let him understand, how he being a *Turk*, should so long and so particularly know her. *Assen* told him the Story, and part of what happen'd at *Genes*.

It was day by that time *Assen* had done, which put them in mind of taking some resolution about the design in hand, and the means to be made use of, to get *Dawra* out of the Castle without danger. They thought of several ways, but

but all appear'd full of uncertainty and inconvenience; yet they two could best do it of any, the one having all the power over *Laura's* Guards, and the other over the Garrison of the Castle. But all things were so strictly examined by the vigilance of the inferior Officers, whom the *Dey* (a man as vigilant as fearful) had strictly commanded to be always on Guard, and not permit any to come in, or go out, without taking exact notice of them, that it was absolutely necessary to take right measures, and still fear the success. *Assen* at length bethought himself of a Stratagem, the less subject to discovery, as covered under a cloak of Religion, though in truth, apt to startle a nice Girl as *Laura*. There was a Souldier of the Castle dead the night afore, to be buried that day; he resolv'd to lock up the Corps in a Chamber, and carry out *Laura* on the Bier, as if she had been the Souldier, to be buried in the Church-yard behind the Castle. The *Aga* was of opinion, there could be no danger in the expedient, but doubted much whether *Laura* could be induc'd to make use of it; yet after long consultation, and discourse of other means, they thought that not only the best, but the only one they could promise themselves a good design from. But to prevent the trouble *Laura* might have upon the apprehension of Death, or other sad Accident, they agreed not to tell her of the Bier, but propose carrying her out in a Chair. This being resolv'd on, *Assen*, who was to see her that morning, undertook to perswade her to it, and the *Aga* in the mean time gave order, the dead Souldier should not be buried till the

Evening. He recommended to *Assen*, the care of his Affairs with his Mistress, gave him *Clarices* Letter to produce in justification of him; and after a great deal of Civility and Kindness on both sides they parted, to meet again at Dinner at *Assen's*, for fear their long Conferences in the Castle might occasion suspicion in the Garrison, being extremely jealous and mistrustful. *Laura*, who had scarce rested all night for Dreams, which troubled her, was very joyful to see *Assen* come so early, to divert her from the thoughts of them. Well, dear *Assen*, says she, shall we be once eased of our Chains? and must we carry this Traitor along with us? Traitor, *Madam*, answers *Assen*, he is the most honest and most passionate of Lovers. Ah! says she, I foresaw he would corrupt even your fidelity; I know too well the power he hath to gain affection, and had reason enough to distrust him. Be not so hasty, *Madam*, replies the Turk, to condemn a man unheard. Why, what says she, can he offer against what what I have seen? Did not I find him with the Vice Queen? Was it not he that help'd the Traitor *Alphonso* to abuse me? No, *Madam*, I assure you, answers *Assen*, be pleased to let me tell you, what you know well enough, that he loved you too well, to be capable of an action of that kind; and to clear all your doubts, adds he, shewing her *Clarices* Letter, Know you that Character? Well, said she, somewhat surpriz'd, 'tis my Chamber maids. Read it, replies *Assen*, and you shall see who was guilty of the Treason. *Laura* read it, and had scarce done, when relenting at the Injury done *Hippolito*, or troubled for the Preache

ry of a Maid, she had so much confided in : O God of Vengeance, cry'd she with tears, wilt thou leave unpunished a Wretch so treacherous, and one who hath been the cause of so many disasters? No sure, says *Assen*, for she is already dead, if not as her Treason deserved, yet for grief of having committed it. With that he related to her, what she knew not of the Story of the *Marquess*, and found it no difficult business to appease the great wrath she had express'd against him, to procure him her general pardon, and obtain her consent for his going along with them. *Assen*, like a dexterous Confident, said not a word of what concerned the Vice Queen; and *Laura*, who had no desire to be any more angry with her dear Servant, was not very curious to question him on that point: she was content to believe him innocent of one side, and to be furnished with a pretence not to hate him; so hard a matter is it to use ill those we love, how criminal soever. *Assen* then told her of the resolution taken by the *Aga* and him, to have her carried out in a Chair, and found her disposed to do what-ever they should think fit, but with condition there should be no more danger for them than for her. *Assen* undertook it, and told her, she had no more to do, but make ready against the first Watch, whilst the *Aga* and he took Orders for other things. *Assen* went home, where *Beyran-Aga* came shortly after, and gave him an account of all he had done. *Assen* laboured with much diligence and dexterity to see the *Brigandine* well stored with Necessaries; you may believe, *Beyran* failed not, as busie as he was, to desire an

account of what most concerned him, the state of his Affairs with his Mistress. His dear Confident acquainted him with what success he had discharged the Commission he gave him, which *Beyran* was so gald of, as it was not his power to express his Acknowledgment. All was ready, and *Assen* had given out the necessary Orders, as well for the *Brigandine*, as for Horses and Men. The *Aga* and he went together to the Castle, where the *Aga* made him a Present of all the Jewels he had received at several times from the *Dey*, and entreated him to accept them not as a satisfaction, but a pledge of the assurance he had given him to be ever his Friend, and serve him on all occasions. *Assen*, who endeavoured, but in vain, to refuse his liberality, would not accept of it, but on condition the *Aga* would make use on all occasions of what he had bestowed, as still his own, and believe *Assen* sensible, he had not sufficiently obliged him to merit so rich a Present. They went from the Castle, to make their Court to the *Dey*; and the hour being come, *Assen* first changed *Laura's* Guards, relieving them by three of his Servants, whom he was to take with him, that none might be left behind to discover the Design, or the Road they should take. The *Aga* quickly followed him, longing to see *Laura*; he fell down at her feet in such a Transport of Joy and Love, it moved to that tenderness, she could not forbear embracing him. As she raised him from the Ground, they were falling into amorous Discourse; but *Assen* told them, it was not a time to discourse, but to put their Design in execution, unless they had a mind to see

see it miscarry; and that when they should be once out of danger, they should have leisure enough to say what they pleased. *Laura* and *Beyran*, who desired nothing more than to see themselves at liberty, were easily perswaded to follow his Advice. And the Chair being brought by the *Aga's* Order, who had hidden the Corps, they wrapt up *Laura* in a clean Sheet, and without saying a word of the Bier, put her in it, and caused it to be carried out of her Chamber, where having according to the custom of the Place, thrown a Carpet over her, one of *Assen's* men took the Lanthorn, and the other two carried the Bier; *Beyran* leading the Van, and *Assen* bringing up the Rear. A Corps is a sacred thing among the *Turks*; nor would any of the Guard have thought of searching the Bier, though neither *Beyran* nor *Assen* had been with it. They went to the Church-yard, where having taken *Laura* out of her Grave, they marched towards the *Caribage-gate*, which the *Aga* commanded to be opened, that they might take Horse, which attended them hard by. *Laura* and the *Aga*, whom we will hereafter call by their names, could not yet take any pleasure to see themselves out of the Castle and City, for fear of ill Accidents, but long'd to see themselves at Sea; however they were glad they got happily so far, in hopes Fortune would in favour of Love, improve that lucky beginning to a suitable end. But this small Lightning of Joy quickly vanished, being dash'd out by the cruelty of their Fate; for being arriv'd, where they expected to take Horse, they found by *Assen's* Servants, the *Bassa's* *Sophies* had taken them away. In what perplexity then was this unfortunate

fortunate Company; they were five or six Leagues distant from the Cape of Carthage, where the *Brigandine* was; they had no time to lose, and knew not what to resolve on, when on the sudden they heard the noise of Horses making towards them. *Assen* hid *Eleanor* and *Hippolito* under an old Wall, and advanced with some of his people towards the Horse-men: They marched apace, and quickly asked, who is there? *Assen* told them who he was, and by good fortune, found it was *Romadan*, the Master of the Gallies, coming from *Port-farm* with a Guard. He told him, the *Bassa's* *Sophies* had taken from his people some Horses he had in readiness to go for *Cape-Carthage*, to see a *Brigandine* he was sending out to Sea. *Romadan*, who knew the respect the *Bassa* had for *Assen*, was angry for what was done by the *Sophies*; and to remedy the inconvenience, told *Assen*, he might take his choice of what Horses he pleased out of his Troop, and not trouble himself for his own, they should be sent him where he pleased to order. *Assen*, glad of the opportunity, accepted his offer; and *Romadan* taking him aside, told him, The *Bassa* had a design to come again to him, and by any means to get *Laura* out of the Castle, and that he would do well in his return from *Cape-Carthage*, to take the Camp in his way, and endeavour to divert the *Bassa* from so dangerous an Enterprize. *Assen* having promised it, dis-engaged himself from *Romadan* as soon as he could; but *Romadan* would oblige him at parting, with two of his Horse-men, to accompany him, and serve him from the Parties that were abroad, and might

might set upon him unknown. This put *Assen* into a little perplexity, but he would not refuse the kindness, for fear of giving cause of suspicion: And having taken his leave, he advanced towards his company, and acquainted the two Lovers in few words, what fortune he had met with. All mounted, and *Eleanor* in Boys Cloaths, pass'd for a young Slave of *Assen's*, the night helping to cover the disguise, they made all the haste possible, *Hippolito* being still at *Eleanor's* elbow, the Master of the Gallies Horse-men led the Van, to answer those they met; and *Assen*, as Commander in chief, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, without affecting much to be near *Hippolito* or *Eleanor*, by the help of the Horse-men they had free passage; and were several times saved from being taken and carried before the *Bassa*. At last being come to the *Brigandine*, they delivered the Horses to be restor'd to the owners, and having rewarded them well for their pains, *Assen* sent them back with this Letter to the *Bassa*.

Sir, Be not displeased with me for endeavouring the liberty of a Maid, to whose Family I owe mine: you have often heard me speak of my obligations to my Patron, when I lived among the Christians; I have met with an occasion to satisfy them in the Person of his Daughter, being that same *Laura* the Dey kept Prisoner. Wonder not my gratitude hath prevail'd with me, to expose my life for those who saved mine. The Dey perhaps may have as much reason as you to excuse me, but in actions that honour and reason inspire, I fear no reproach. *Laura* was the cause of the
 difference

difficult to barwin you, the Peace will be easier made now she is gone. Thus doing my duty, I procure the good of my Country, which every honest man wishes, and will certainly thank me for. Adieu, live content, and prosper in your designs, and be so just as not to condemn

Assen.

They instantly hoisted sail, and the Weather being favourable, they doubled the Cape, pass'd *Port-Farine*, and were got a great way to Sea, before the Horse-men could have come to the *Bassa*, whom we will leave foaming with rage and fury against *Assen*, and return to the happy company, now beginning to take pleasure in seeing themselves out of danger at least from Land; for as to the Sea, while you are on it, there is no security against it.

Hippolito sat sighing by his beautiful *Eleanor*, and she feasted her self with the sweetness of liberty to enjoy in safety the conversation of a Lover she had given over for lost. *Assen* was busie giving orders in the *Brigandine*; but being becalmed on the sudden, and no way to be made but by rowing, he sat by them to congratulate their happiness. 'Tis true, says *Eleanor*, I should esteem my self the most fortunate person on Earth, if after what you have assur'd me of the *Marquess*, you could ease me of the scruples, the *Turks* habit he wears, raises within me. Was it possible, adds she blushing, you should change your Religion? 'Tis the very thing I longed to know of him, *Madam*, and how he came to *Barbary*, for he hath not yet told me. No, *Madam*,

Madam, answers *Hippolito*, I am still a Christian, and had I been threatned with Death, or with Torments, I should not have changed my Religion, but 'tis true I have been long thought a Turk. *Assen*, who could not conceive how it could be so in a Country like his, where in matters of Religion, there are Formalities not to be counterfeited, pray'd him to declare what course he had taken, and how it was possible for him to escape Circumcision, being the first of the Ceremonies used in that case. *Hippolito* to satisfy him, knowing he should at the same time do *Eleanor* a pleasure, went on with his story.

I told you formerly of the resolution I took, of searching every Creek of the Mediterranean, for the Vessel this Lady embarked in : I did so for seven or eight months, in a little Frigate with six pieces of Ordinance, wherein I was at last taken by a Vessel of *Tripoly* of no less than thirty Guns, after six hours Fight, and the loss of almost all our men : I was carried to *Tripoly*, where they presented me to the *Bassa*, who upon the good report they gave of my behaviour in the Fight, used me very civilly, and having in few days express'd no small affection for me, wish'd I would turn Turk, and sent me for the purpose to a famous Cady to be instructed in their Faith : this *Mahometan* Doctor was a very honest man, and witty ; he was the Son of a Renegado, and had less Faith than his Father in what he taught others ; he spoke very freely to me, and I opened my self to him, and pray'd him to make the *Bassa* believe I was turn'd

turn'd Turk; he did so, the *Bassa* believed it on his word, and express'd for me more kindness than ever; but he had a Nephew who was jealous of it, and often quarrell'd with me on that score, which might afterwards have produced further inconvenience. The *Bassa*, who had a tender love for this Nephew, foresaw what might follow, and resolv'd to part us for some time, till this Nephew were cured of his jealous and tempestuous humour; he sent me with great Presents to the *Dey* of *Tunis*, his intimate Friend, recommending me very earnestly and affectionately to him. The *Dey* within a week after my arrival, made me his *Aga*: You know *Assen*, what a sad life I led; but who would have thought, *says he*, addressing himself to *Eleanor*, I was so near what I search'd for, and loved above all the World yet knew nothing of it; and that my Fate should make me so happy, when I was just upon losing you.

The *Marquess* and *Eleanor* entred into further discourse of their adventures; and the Masters of the Vessel coming to consult *Assen*, he left them together to go on with their stories. The wind chopped about, and threatned a Storm, the Vessel being small, they thought it inconvenient to venture further to Sea: They tack'd about, making towards *Biserti*, intending to sail near the Coast of *Barbary*, till they should come over against *Sardinia*, that they might cross over (as soon as the weather served) into the Isles of *St. Peter*, where they hoped to anchor. This was their resolution, and 'twas well for them they followed it, for the Storm was so great, they

they were forced to lye at Anchor three or four days among the Rocks on the Coast of *Barbary*. They were so far from *Tunis* they had no cause to fear pursuit, being at Anchor in a place where a thousand Vessels might have pass'd by without discovering them in the storm.

The storm at length was pretty well over, and the *Brigandine* pursu'd her Voyage along the Coast of *Barbary*; meeting by the way several Creeks, floating Hogsheds, and Planks, and other pieces of broken Ships, which they doubted not were cast away in the last storm. For two days they cruised along that Sea; they were frequently entertained with those lamentable spectacles, and at last heard the voice of a Man, which they fancied must have come from a Rock at least three miles distant from Land; they presently concluded it was one escaped out of the late Shipwracks. *Eleanor* was moved to pity at the cry, and *Assen* at her request, turn'd the prow of his *Brigandine* towards the Rock. The Sea was then calm, and when they got within some paces of the Rock, they saw a man almost naked, without Hat, without Stockings, without Shoes, so maimed and disfigured, they knew not whether they should more fear him or pity him. *Assen* having ordered the Sea-men to cease rowing, asked him in *Moresque*, how he came upon that Rock, and what he would have. I am an unfortunate Christian (*answers he in Italian*) and not unknown to you, and if you will take the pains to get foot on land here, you will find what perhaps you are in search of, but you must lose no time, otherwise

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your help may come too late. *Assen* amazed to hear him speak so, observed something in his Countenance, made him think he had seen him elsewhere. *Eleanor* was particularly astonished at his voice, and fancied she knew it; but the man was so disfigured, she could not possibly call to mind who he was. *Assen* asked his name, and where he had seen him to know him: I tell you, *answers the man*, I have here what you perhaps go in search of much further; the man you see is *Alexander the Bassa's* Slave, and if he has sent thee for his Wife, thou may'st find her on this Rock half dead with her Sufferings these two days we have been here: he has scarce done speaking, but *Eleanor* invaded at once with joy and grief cry'd out, which made the man turn his face, and she knew him to be *Alexander*. *Ha Sir*, says she, *is it possible it should be you, and not know Laura?* As she spoke thus, *Assen* having commanded the Oars to turn the prow to land, ordered a Plank from the Vessel to the Rock, and pass'd over it first, *Hippolitus* following with *Eleanor* by the hand, and all to embrace poor *Alexander*, who was so transported with joy, he could not say a word: he pray'd *Assen* to get him something from aboard to comfort his dear *Sultaneſs*, who had not eat any thing for three days past. They gave order accordingly, and instantly ran towards the place where the *Sultaneſs* lay under a Bush, where they found her half dead; a sad sight for *Laura*, yet mixt with joy to see her; but what an astonishing surprize was this to the *Sultaneſs*, who could scarce open her eyes, and knew not whether she were awake or in a Dream, and whether

The Happy

what appeared to her, were Persons or Spirits. You may imagine the haste *Eleanor* made to help her, being readily seconded with *Hippolito's* assistance: *What are you here Laura*, says the *Sultaneſs* with a feeble and languishing tone, *and am I not mistaken?* *What good Angel hath sent thee to rescue me from the jaws of Death?* Heavens! my dear *Sultaneſs*, answers *Laura*, not able to forbear crying, *Heavens!* which hath had pity on us, and delivered me also out of the hands of the *Baſſa*. The *Sultaneſs* began to recover, but had not strength to speak long. *Aſſen* told *Alexander* ſhe would be better aboard than on land, the Sea being ſtill. The Count, who had not yet had leiſure to diſcourſe them, asked where they were bound for, and having underſtood they ſail'd for *Italy*, he could not ſufficiently bleſs Heaven for ſo happy an accident. The *Sultaneſs* was carried aboard, and the weather being fair, they reſolved to put out to Sea, and direct their courſe for *Sardinia*.

Laura was ſo careful of the *Sultaneſs*, that ſhe began to gather ſtrength; *Aſſen* and *Hippolito* did their part with the Count, who had no leſs need of nourishment and reſt. This took up one day; on the morrow the weather continuing fairer, and the *Sultaneſs* finding her ſelf in a condition to diſcourſe, they related to her what paſſ'd at *Tunis* ſince her departure, and deſired Count *Alexander* to inform them how they came to be wrack'd, and by what Fortune they got upon the Rock; he answered to this purpoſe.

You have heard without doubt, how the *Sultaneſs* was carried aboard by the *Baſſa's* order, who thought (as well as I) it was *Laura*: You may imagine my ſurprize great, and my joy inexpressible. At our putting to Sea we had a good wind; but ſcarce paſt the Cape of *Carthage*, but we ſaw the *Heavens* cloudy on the ſudden, and had the wind in our Teeth, and ſo ſtrong a Gale, that our Veſſel being ſmall, and the ſtorm increaſing, we were driven on this Coaſt and caſt Anchor: preſently a violent and moſt terrible *Hurricane* broke out Cables, ſet us a-drift, and caſt us upon the Rocks. I leave it to you to gueſs, what an extremity this was for a Lover, having her he loved above the World ready to be loſt before his face, which heighned to the utmoſt the terrors of danger and death: I ſtood by the *Sultaneſs*, who with grief and fear was already half dead; and reaching out her hand, *Dear Alexander*, ſays ſhe, *ſince the hour is come we muſt dye, let us dye together*. Theſe words ſo reſolute and kind, pierced my very heart, and turned me into a Statue, leaving me without ſenſe or motion. All I could do, was embracing my dear *Sultaneſs* for a final Adieu, when the Veſſel giving a great crack, made me turn my eyes towards the Window of my Cabin, where I ſaw a Rock almoſt touching the Poop; this ſurprized me not a little, and taking a ſudden reſolution, I placed the *Sultaneſs* on my back, got upon the Deck, and in ſpite of the Sea-men, who would have diverted me, I leaped on the Rock without doing my ſelf or the *Sultaneſs* harm. A moment after, the Sea which caſt the Veſſel on the Rock, carried it off again, leaving me and the

the *Sultaneſs* there helpless of help, unless our Sea-men would pity us, but they could not master the winds, and the night was far gone, so that no good was to be expected from them till the morrow, if the storm would over. A sad night it was, the poor *Sultaneſs* endeavoured to comfort me with hopes the Mariners would not forsake us; but what a lamentable spectacle had I at break of day, to see some Leagues distance half a Ship a float, which by the number of People I saw returning from one end to another to get nearer land, was sunk by the greatness of the waves, and all the men drown'd. What afflicted me most, was the sight of the *Sultaneſs*, though she, by I know not what presage, would not despair of good Fortune, but would tell me still, *Heaven* had not saved us from the Sea, to let us perish on that Rock; but would send to our aid one of the many Vessels that pass'd by that way. It was a piece of good Fortune I did not expect, yet I looked constantly about to discover some sail, when at last having almost lost hope, having for two days seen nothing on the Sea, I ken'd on the sudden something floating on the water, but being at distance, and discovering no sail, I knew not whether to think it a Wrack, or some small Vessel with Oars; yet seeing you draw towards the Coast, and the nearness of the objects magnifying them every moment, I knew it to be a *Brigandine*, and brought the *Sultaneſs* the News, who was not much pleased with it, fearing the Vessel came from *Tunis*, and being more willing to dye on the Rock, than return thither, I hollowed, and cry'd, and had the luck to be heard by you; and it did not presently express

...which might have been expected upon
...you will pardon it as an effect
...condition I was reduced to, and
...I believe it could not but be great.

Count *Alexander* having ended his discourse,
every one took his thoughts of all these adven-
tures, mingling them with great joy, which
increased at the news of one of *Affen's* Servants,
that he discerned land, and that it could be no o-
ther but *Sardinia*. He was in the right, but they
could not anchor till the morrow; and the wea-
ther continuing good, within eight days they ar-
rived at *Genoa*, to the infinite satisfaction of this
happy company, and all *Eleanor's* Friends. Her
Father was dead, and those who were in-
trusted with the tuition and disposal of her (if
heard of) were easily induced to consent she should
be married to *Marquess Hippolito*, who found
means to make his Peace with the Viceroy of Na-
ples. The *Sultanesse* turn'd Christian, and Count
Alexander married her: *Affen* followed the ex-
ample of the *Sultanesse*, and Count *Alexander* as
well as *Marquess Hippolito* served him with their
Credit and Estates, to make his Fortune, and live
happily the rest of his days.





